lightwire

SUMMER

1988

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image by Suzanne Benton, 1983--mask

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******* **POETRY***ART***and our VIEWS** *****

EDITORIAL

Among the more tenacious myths of socio-sci thinking is one which sides with evolution favoring the most adaptable, not the biggest or strongest. This suggests dinosaurs died from maladjustment. I'll keep this in mind - it may make it easier to watch as the prison cystem blunders towards its own destruction by blindly building on historical patterns of failure. This carbon repetition of past mistakes is evident in the deeply disturbing stories from British Columbia. Tenders have been quietly called for the quick and immediate construction of a new provincial prison for women in that region. The projected cost is $40,000,000.

If the Prison for Women in Kingston has only one positive contribution to make, it should be in the lessons learned from the many studies, prepared over many years, at P4W. These conclude that this prison, designed from the male experience, is unsuitable for women; that barred cells are unwarranted and impose highly negative psychological barriers between the keepers and kept; that a multi-level security system produces awkward, impractical program implementation. B.C. is disregarding these facts and building another prison from a male perspective to house 140 women.

This is beyond ignorance. It represents an official government policy supporting masochistic attitudes towards both women of to-day and the women of the future. This is grim a reality: $40,000,000. of a "social" budget will be spent on a project that will stigmatize, punish and alienate women. Why not spend this money on a centre with extensive resources that could be used by many women in the community - in addition to those who may be referred by the courts?

It is not difficult to vision a Forty Million Dollar sanctuary designed by women for women. It would be an immense area of positive employment; it would present opportunities for personal growth in a community with a mandate to heal and mend fractured lives rather than rend them into smaller, wasteful tatters. Such a sanctuary could offer: counsel to all victims of crime, battering, rape and incest; support and direction to women attempting to live chem-free lifestyles; upgraded-education and employment training. This undertaking could act as the grandmother of smaller residences throughout the province and serve as a new model for provincial corrections across this nation.

These are the types of recommendations being made by CAEFS in a recent, comprehensive consultation paper prepared by legal analyst Renata Mohr for the Department of Justice. The research for this project was compiled with input from **participants across this entire country and its first, primary recommendation is** to RECOMMEND THERE BE A LEGISLATIVE CAPPING OF PRISON POPULATIONS. Without doubt if a new prison for women is built in British Columbia, it will be filled...in direct opposition to adopting recommendations by women for women...revealing a political appetite for blind repetition of past mistakes - like the unchanging diet of old dinosaurs.

Jo-Ann Mayhew
editor

COMING TO YOUR **AID**_____**THINK HEALTHY!!!**

(no pun intended)

It is helpful to your immune system to **S M I L E !!!**

坤乾坎離巽艮

Harmful to frown

Helpful to Believe

Harmful to discredit

Helpful to be happy

Harmful to be sad

Get

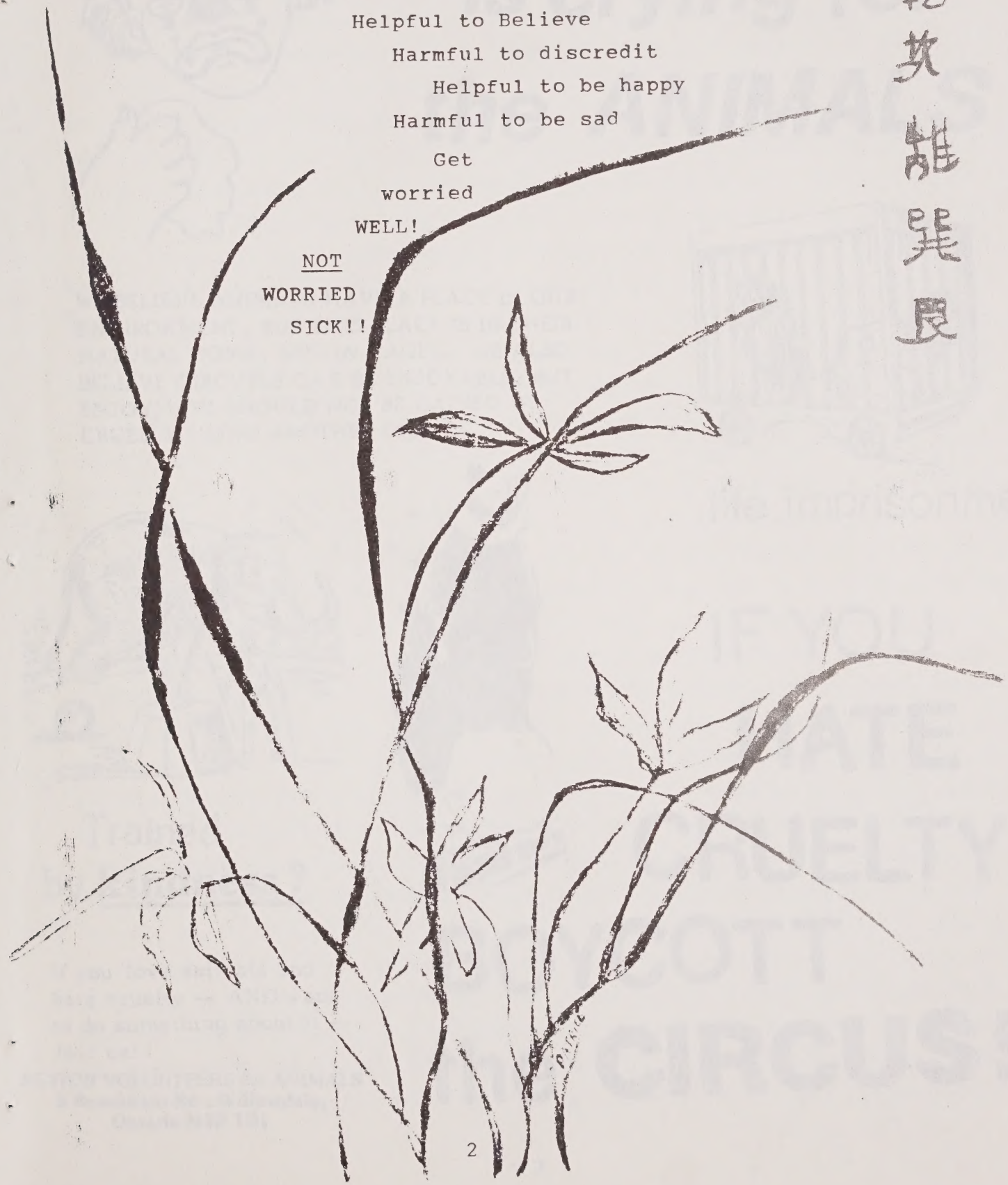
worried

WELL!

NOT

WORRIED

SICK!!



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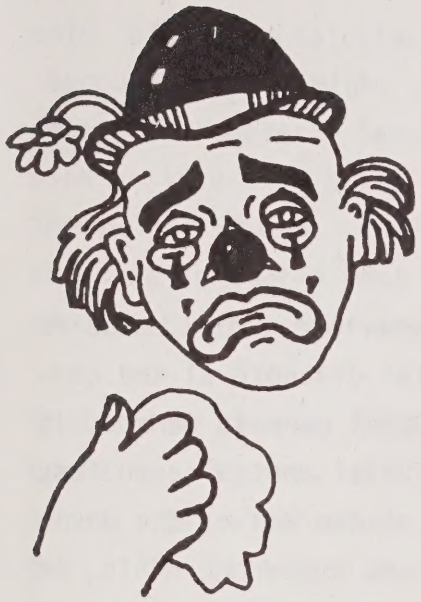
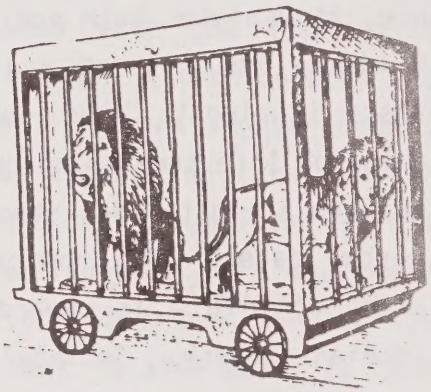
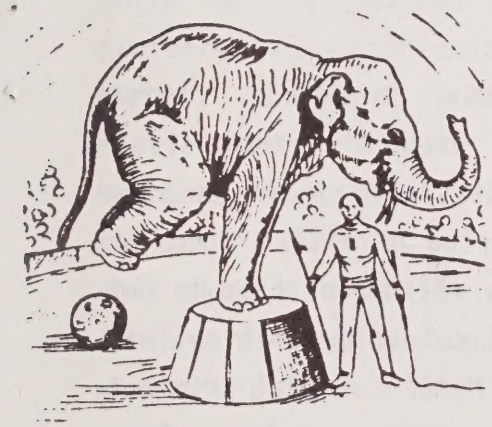


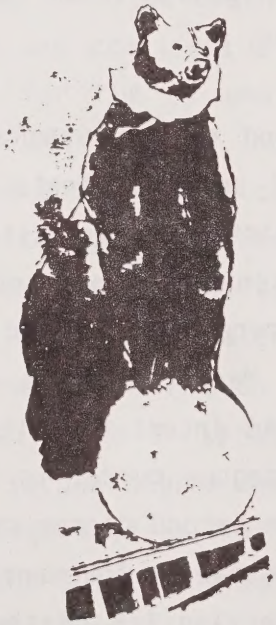
THIS CLOWN is crying for the ANIMALS

WE BELIEVE ANIMALS HAVE A PLACE IN OUR ENVIRONMENT, BUT THIS PLACE IS IN THEIR NATURAL HOME, NOT IN CAGES. WE ALSO BELIEVE CIRCUSES CAN BE ENJOYABLE, BUT ENJOYMENT SHOULD NOT BE GAINED BY CRUELLY USING ANOTHER SPECIES.



life imprisonment





Trained by **kindness?**

IF YOU **HATE CRUELTY - BOYCOTT the CIRCUS!**

If you love animals and hate cruelty -- AND want to do something about it -- Join us!!

ACTION VOLUNTEERS for ANIMALS
3 Brookfield Rd., Willowdale, Ontario M2P 1B1

Deviance and Homicide in Canada

by

Bonny Walford

The crime of homicide is a good example of a deviant behaviour which embodies most definitions of deviance. It attracts widespread social disapproval and compulsion to punish, it is certainly a variation from the social norm in Canada, it is defined as criminal and requires the intervention of social control agencies, labels are affixed to the act and actor, there is a scale of degrees of the deviance, it violates both social customs and the absolute right and wrong ethic, it is widely heard about and generates concrete punishment and the reaction of others is almost always outrage and condemnation. Other forms of non-criminal taking of life such as mercy killing, motor vehicle deaths, hunting accidents and the like are often not strongly condemned and may not even be considered deviant in some cases. But homicide, that is murder and manslaughter - the unlawful taking of life - is regarded as the most heinous of crimes by most members of Canadian Society. Society's degree of condemnation is reflected in the highest sanctions and punishments of any crimes.

There are two divisions of murder and one of manslaughter in Canada. First degree murder is one that is planned and deliberate or when the victim is a police officer, prison guard, hijack victim, sexual assault victim or kidnap victim; or, if it was committed by a person previously convicted of either first or second degree murder. Second degree murder is defined as all murder that is not first degree (i.e. not premeditated). Manslaughter is all culpable homicide that is not murder or infanticide (i.e. lacks intent to kill) (Martins Annual Criminal Code, 1984). The sentence for first degree murder is life with a minimum of 25 years before parole. The sentence for second degree murder is life with a minimum of 10 years before parole and the sentence for manslaughter is generally 1-20 years with parole eligibility after serving 1/6 of the sentence (most serve 1/3 to 1/2 of the sentence before release).

There is a great deal of confusion in Canada regarding the amount of deviance that has occurred and the amount of punishment that is appropriate. The various degrees of homicide may be interpreted very differently and sentences often do not fit the crime. The definition of first degree murder seems to be clear - a

cold blooded, calculated, premeditated and planned murder - a deliberate 'execution' one might say. Second degree murder and manslaughter are very ambiguous however. Second degree murder and manslaughter are both unpremeditated with no intent to kill. In fact the only difference between the two occurs when the police charge a person with one or the other as they choose, and they are choosing to charge most prisoners with first and second degree murder when they are guilty or second degree murder or manslaughter only.

Statistics Canada, 1987 demonstrates this. In Canada, in 1965-71, while the death penalty was still in effect, police charged only 6% with first degree murder, 28% with second degree murder and the vast majority, 65% with manslaughter. In 1977-88, when the death penalty was replaced with the life - 25 sentence, police charged a huge 38% with first degree murder, almost doubled the second degree murder charges to 52% and charged only 9% with manslaughter. This certainly does not mean that 32% more criminals began committing first degree murder after the death penalty was replaced or that 24% more committed second degree murder or that 54% less criminals committed manslaughter. It does mean that police, social controllers and lawmakers decided to 'get tough' in exchange for very reluctantly parting with the death penalty. What is also means is that while the law softened (if one considers a minimum of 25 years in prison to be preferred to quick death) for the 6% who were formally charged with capital murder, it was a great deal harsher on all except the 9% charged with manslaughter. That is, the abolition of capital punishment resulted in greater sentences for 82% of those charged with homicide. Police and law makers found the public willing to condemn many more accused guilty of first degree murder once the death penalty was repealed so although many people did not agree with 'an eye for an eye' they were willing to condemn them to 25 long, horrendous years in prison. They also found a 'spillover' to a demand for higher second degree sentences and more second degree sentences for crimes that were, only a few short years earlier categorized as manslaughter. In short, the majority of persons charged with homicide suffered greatly because the few true premeditated killers no longer forfeited their lives. So, instead of making the law more lenient, as it would as first appear, laws and sentences became far more severe for 82% of persons involved in a homicide. That is why a considerable number of lifers in Canadian prisons voted to bring back the death penalty. Is it right that 82% should suffer for the acts of 6%? Is is right that in the 'old days' the only persons executed were without doubt cold blooded killers, often mass murderers, while today an outrageous 38% are serving the maximum sentence when

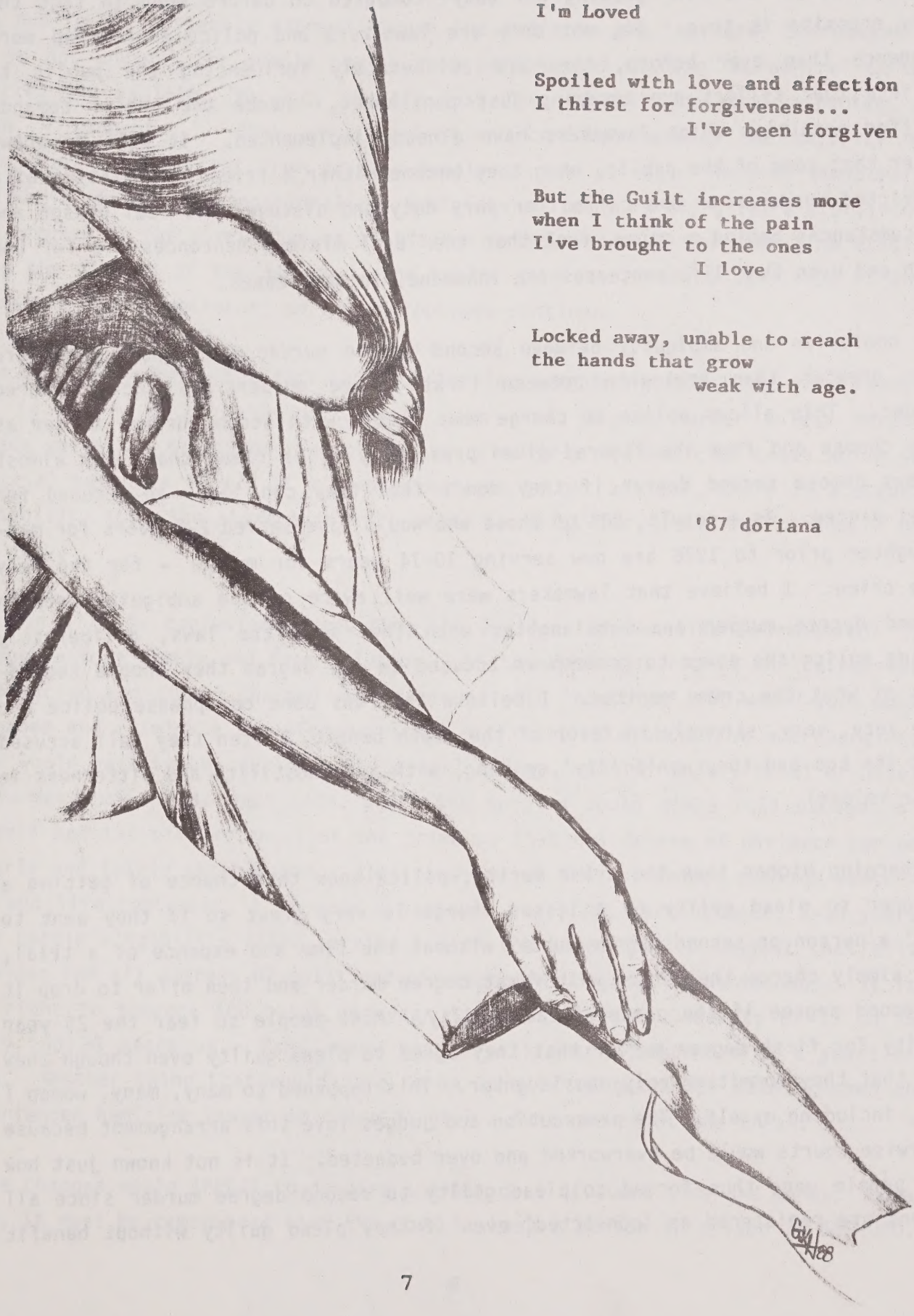
they would have been classified as either second degree murderers or manslaughterers under the old law? The legal attitude seems to be, 'We will take away thedeath penalty and appear to be more humane but we will really nail all killers to the cross'.

Even the sentences for second degree murder and manslaughter have been increased. When there was capital punishment the minimum sentence for second degree murder was 7 years, now it is 10, manslaughter sentences were usually a maximum of five years, now they are usually over five years. So, it is clear that those accused of homicide paid dearly when capital punishment was abolished. More people (1,239) are now serving life sentences then ever before in Canadian history, and at a cost of $65,000 per inmate per year to imprison all these people, the cost to the taxpayers will be in excess of one billion dollars (Stats Canada). These figures would be much lower if the old laws still applied (with the vast majority of people being charged with manslaughter instead of first or second degree murder).

Why have lawmakers gotten so strict with persons accused of homicide? Obviously, it was not just a 'trade off' for the death penalty. This still does not explain why police are charging more people with first degree and second degree murder and less people with manslaughter. In the rest of this paper I will attempt to answer the questions by considering the confusion that exists among lawmakers, police, courts and the public.

Lawmakers are ill informed and confused as to definitions of various forms of homicide and the sentences that are appropriate for each. The consensus approach asserts that criminal law provides a reliable guide as to what is consensually defined as deviant in the society (Hagan, 1984). The problem is that while the public may uniformly condemn certain forms of homicide, they know very little about the law or legal categories like the distinctions between first and second degree murder and manslaughter (they assume lawmakers and police know) and they are often not consulted, as will be shown later, they often recommend sentences much lower than the minumums set down in law).

Lawmakers take advantage of the public's lack of knowledge regarding homicide and the general fear of cold blooded and often depraved killers as portrayed in the media. The public does not realize that lawmakers are encouraging police to charge most people with first degree and second degree murder and less people



I'm Loved

Spoiled with love and affection
I thirst for forgiveness...
I've been forgiven

But the Guilt increases more
when I think of the pain
I've brought to the ones
I love

Locked away, unable to reach
the hands that grow
weak with age.

'87 doriana

with manslaughter; they are ignorant of the change that has occurred following the abolition of capital punishment in 1976 and are easily convinced by police that murderers are now 'getting off easy' compared to before when in fact the very opposite is true. So, not only are lawmakers and police exercising more vengence than ever before, they are deliberately influencing the public to believe that killers are escaping just punishment. Hence the public demands stiffer penalties which lawmakers have already implemented. It will be shown later that some of the public, when they become either a friend or relative of a convicted murderer or are called for jury duty and discover the real person and circumstances behind a crime, feel that the legal minimum sentences are far too high and even that life sentences are inhumane, in most cases.

The confusion and ambiguity between second degree murder and manslaughter are even greater than ambiguity between first degree murder and second degree murder. This allows police to charge most people with second degree murder as they choose and from the figures given previously it is clear that they almost always choose second degree if they don't feel they can 'get' an accused for first degree. As a result, 80% of those who would have served 2-5 years for manslaughter prior to 1976 are now serving 10-14 years for murder - for the very same crime. I believe that lawmakers were well aware of the ambiguity between second degree murder and manslaughter when they made the laws, deliberately giving police the power to condemn an accused to any degree they choose regardless of what the crime merited. I believe this was done to appease police who were very, very, strongly in favor of the death penalty (often they tell accused that its too bad they won't 'fry' or hang, with much hostility and bitterness in their voices).

By charging higher than the crime merits, police know that chance of getting a prisoner to plead guilty to a lesser charge is very great so if they want to 'get' a person on second degree murder without the time and expence of a trial, they simply charge the person with first degree murder and then offer to drop it to second degree if the person pleads guilty. Most people so fear the 25 year penalty for first degree murder that they agree to plead guilty even though they know that they committed only manslaughter. This happened to many, many, women I know, including myself. The prosecution and judges love this arrangement because otherwise courts would be overworked and over budgeted. It is not known just how many people were thus forced to plead guilty to second degree murder since all persons are registered as 'convicted' even if they plead guilty without benefit

of a trial. Police could not thus overcharge capital punishment was law; then they had to assess cases more justly.

The public is constantly exposed though the media to the 'murderer stereotype'. It is not unusual for people coming into prisons and meeting 'murderers' to be shocked and exclaim, "My God, you are just like normal people...I expected, I mean, I thought..." They are surprised and confused because the majority of lifers are no different from average people on the street. Because newspapers and media in general sensationalizes homicides and very rarely gives a profile of the accused or the circumstances of his/her crime, while at the same time extolling the virtues of the deceased, the public receives a very biased view of the crime and the perpetrator, so the stereotypes continue.

This is compounded by the fact that due to plea bargaining (which you must remember is really to threaten an accused with first degree murder unless he/she pleads guilty to second degree) there are relatively few homicide cases which go to trial before a jury. If a accused manages to get a trial, there is a strong possibility that the stereotype will cease to exist for those twelve people on the jury.

How can all the confusion surrounding the deviance of homicide be remedied? I propose a very simple and fair solution. If lawmakers got rid of the categories of homicide and simply charged every accused with 'homicide', it would work much smoother and eliminate the aforementioned difficulties with police overcharging. This would have to be coupled with several things. Either a jury trial or panel of judges must assess each case, where the accused could givea full account of himself and the circumstances of the crime so that his degree of deviance can be clearly and fairly established. Also, instead of the horrendous minimum sentences and life sentences, I propose a variable scale of, for instance, 1-50 years with parole eligibility after serving 1/3 of the sentence. I suggest that this provides for all degrees of guilt and corresponding degrees of punishment. It is not right to squeeze 400 cases per year into two sentence brackets of 10 to 25 years and 25 years up. Many, many cases really merit sentences of 5 years or less. Another thing that would have to be done is to guarantee each accused an experienced homicide lawyer in order to give a fair chance at the trial.

These changes would APPEAR to require a great deal of court time and money. However, it must be remembered that the cost to keep a person in prison is $65,000.

per year. With the variable scale of sentencing, I am confident that most of those convicted of homicide would be sentenced to serve less than 1/3 of the combined time current lifers are serving. This would save the government and the tax payer 2/3 of a BILLION dollars. This would be more than enough to build more courts, hire more judges, etc., with millions left over to put into rehabilitation, youth centres, counselling facilities, and job creation for ex-convicts and post-release aid. So many positive things can be done with the money saved and such a positive reflection it would be in the society which sees fit to impliment them.

Bonny Walford / 1988

LIFERS

The Stories of Eleven Women
Serving Life Sentences For Murder

By BONNY WALFORD

$9.95 0-920792-79-0 Eden Press

FROM COAST TO COAST.....WOMEN' VOICES...DIFFERENT NOTES

Claire Culhane contributes:

and also insists---
"Our problems stem from
our acceptance of this
filthy, rotten system"
a quote from activist
Dorothy Day be mentioned.

"And my road is a little
easier
Because she was here
I see a little clearer
Through the darkness
called fear
Sister take my hand
It's with you I'll make
my stand
And we'll be all we can
ONE FINE DAY"

BY Kay Weaver

Many THANKS TO

WOMEN OF NOTE -- OTTAWA

It was a long wait but
at last the women's
voices of this group
were heard at P4W.
The music, your company,
& snacks!! were enjoyed.
We'll look forward to a
return engagement in '89!!

WOMAN

i used to dream militant
dreams of taking
over america to show
these white folks how it should be
done
i used to dream radical dreams
of blowing everyone away with my
perceptive powers
of correct analysis
i even used to think i'd be the one
to stop the riot and negotiate the peace
then i woke up and dug that if i dreamed
natural
dreams of being a natural
woman doing what a woman
does when she's natural
i would have a revolution

nikki giovanni

SPRITE *and Friend: "Let's have a parade!"*

Try **WICKEDARY**

a new language book written by
Mary Daly in cahoots with Jane
Caputi...essential in finding
our own voice for ideas and terms
with which to do battle with
the conspiracy of Yaweh & Sons.
Beacon Press; 1987...drawing by
Sudie Rakusin

THREE POSSIBLE REASONS

from the Magic Mountain
by Idries Shah
found by Theresa Giagnacovo

A dervish was sitting by the side of the road when a haughty courtier with his retinue, riding past in the opposite direction struck him with a cane, shooting:

"Out of the way, you miserable wretch!"

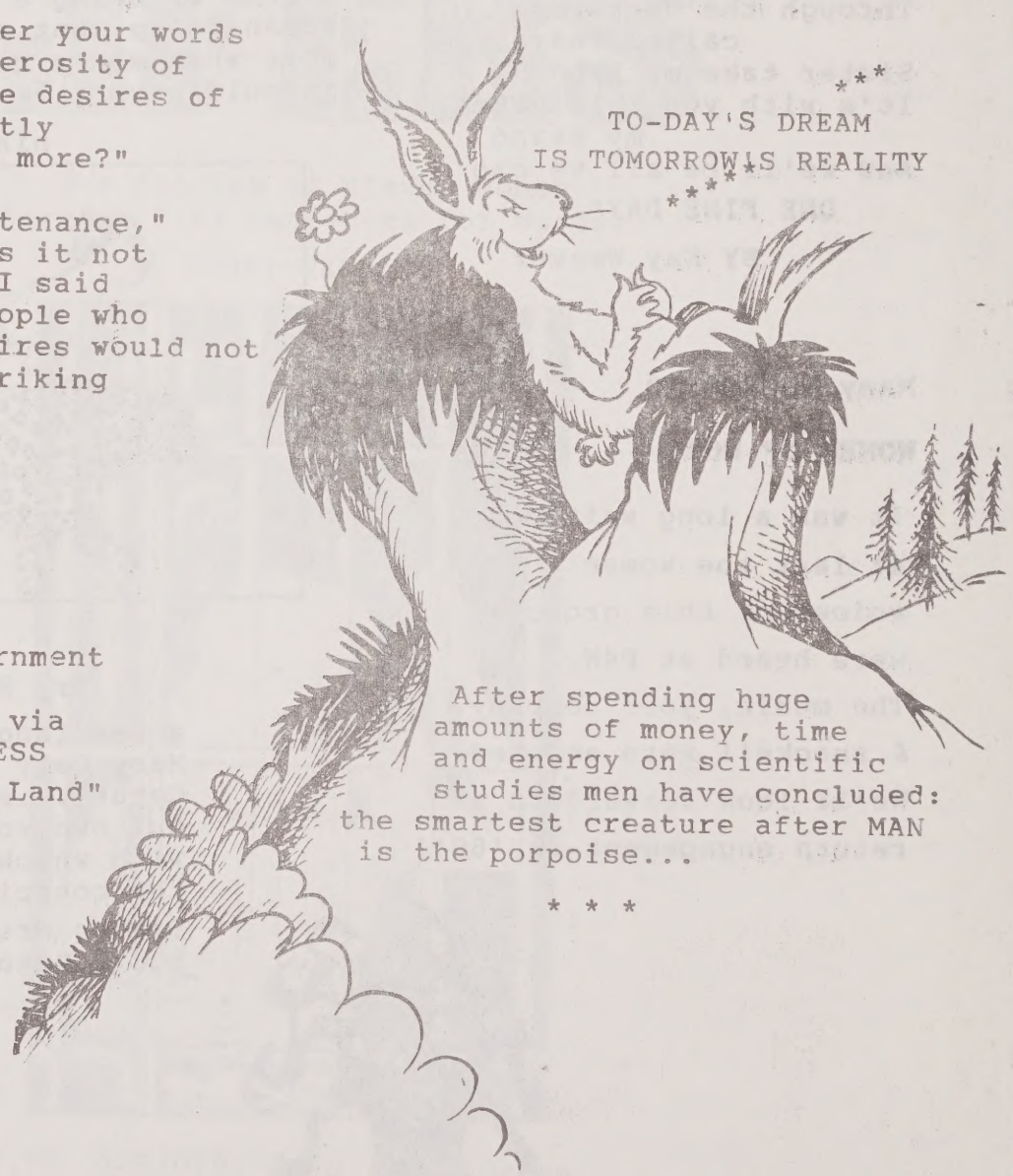
When they had swept past, the dervish rose and called out:

"May you attain all that you desire in the world, even up to its highest ranks!"

A bystander, much impressed by this scene, approached the devout man and said to him:

"Please tell me whether your words were motivated by generosity of spirit, or because the desires of the world will undoubtly corrupt that man even more?"

"O man of bright countenance," said the dervish, "has it not occurred to you that I said what I did because people who attain their real desires would not need to ride about striking dervishes?"



***
TO-DAY'S DREAM
IS TOMORROW'S REALITY
****

DEFINITION:
An "ELEPHANT"--
a mouse built to government specifications.
R. Heinlein via
Millhaven's HIGHWITNESS
"Stanger in a Strange Land"

****

After spending huge amounts of money, time and energy on scientific studies men have concluded: the smartest creature after MAN is the porpoise...

* * *

TO YOU

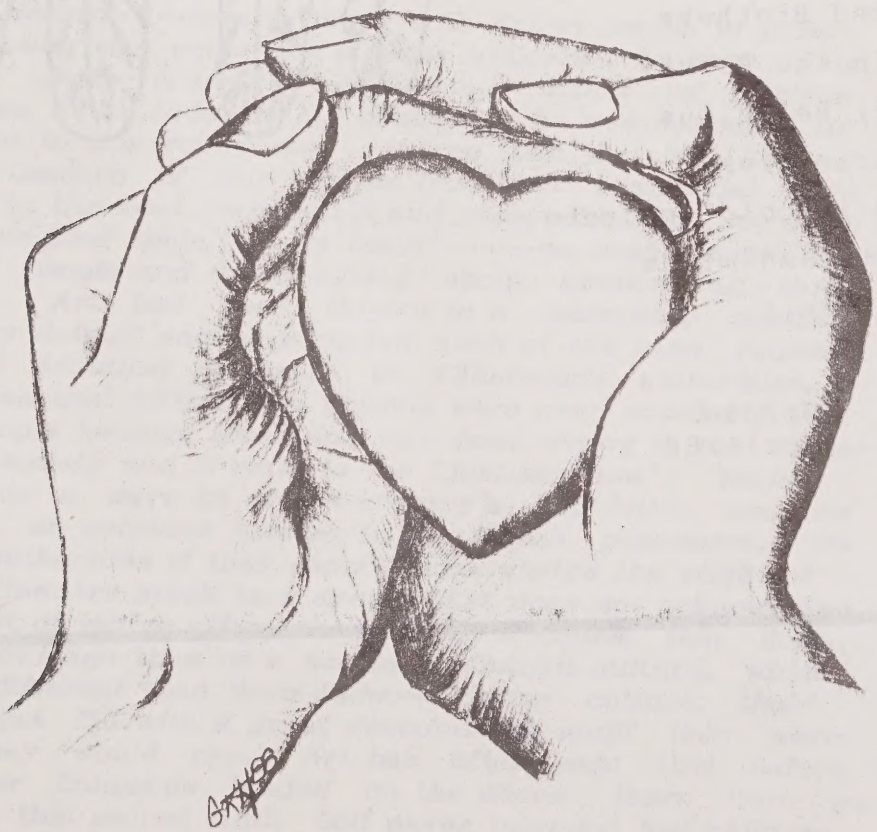
"Be careful, it's fragile. As you can see by the chips and cracks, it's already been mishandled by a few. It wouldn't take much to break it. Please don't mind if it's a little worn. I gave it freely before, but I'm a little more careful now, I can't afford to lose it.

It's pretty big and holds a lot but sometimes it's a little hard to get the precious contents out, gently handling will do the trick. Treat it rough and you'll lose everything inside. Even though there's lots, it's hard to retrieve once it's gone.

I'm trusting you now to nurture it. To help me repair it, to build up it's strength and refill it to the top. I give it to you without hesitation. I trust you to be gentle, loving and understanding.

Here it is.... **My Heart....filled with my love.** "

Danette



I imagine myself...
In a meadow filled
With flowers all
Shades of the rainbow

My upturned face
Receives a loving caress
From our Brother
The Sun

Deep, rich aromas
Of Mother Earth
Heighten my awareness
Of Time
Past, Present, Future.
Ancient Trees
Solid and strong
So wise yet kind
Sisters and Brothers
Rejoice in the Beauty
Of all our Relations
Though our bodies
Are caged in cold concrete
Our Spirits and minds
Are Free !

Jordie
April/88

The Corner Stone of the Struggle

By Fran Sugar

On May 9, 1988 a few days after two Native women were [redacted]* *myself and a number of other Native women had the opportunity to engage with one of Canada's most prominent Native Elders. His name is Art Solomon. It is my honor to call this man my friend.*

* Events relating to May 1, 1988 censored.

There had been understanable anger in the federal Prison for Women, but remarkably, the Native women had a wonderful capacity to laugh. This gift of laughter seemed extraordinary in the midst of so much anguish. Perhaps, as it has sometimes been remarked, we laugh only because we would cry and cry; there is so much that pulls at the heartstrings. I marvelled at the fund of goodwill and postive energy in spite of living under the ironfisted vicious policies that govern our bodies in prison. Native women in prison have had a long history of rebuffs, exploitation, oppression, injustice, and an exclusion from any meaningful participation, in the crucial decision making processes. A gradual transformation of the conditions which Native women have survived under has been made possible by the persistant caring determination to affirm out cultural identity as Native people. The man behind this struggle is a remarkable man.

Art Solomon became involved with Native people in prison after a young man wrote him a letter indicating he was dying a slow death from the suffocating hands of prison authorities. As an Elder in his community he was compelled to reach out to this young man. It was then that his journey began. Leaders of our people from time immemorial have pleaded in the most responsible and reasonable way to have the rulers hear their "cri de coeur"------to heed the plight of their people and do something about ameliorating that condition. Art had been thrown in a leadership postion almost by default and he repeated much of the same requests in almost identical language to KKKanadian authorities, telling them that KKKanadian prisons were over populated with Native people because something was damn wrong is the matter with our society and it reflects the "justuscystem". Native people are a mere 2% of the country's population and we represent an outstand number in the prison population. He told the authorities if they cannot acknowledge the plight of Native offenders stuck in a system that does not acknowledge the plight of native offenders stuck in a system that does not acknowledge them as a people of distinct culture, which is very different than Euro-Judeo-christian culture; their hearts must fill with a great despondancy andif they were human they would cry. Art has often said that before Christopher Columbus landed on the shore there were no prisons in this sacred land. God never intended her children

to be locked in iron cages and there will come a day that prisons no longer exist.

Art Solomon is the power and influence that he is because he is a great man------about that there can be no doubt. He is a man with an enormous intellect and he possesses a great sense of compassion and solidarity for his Native brothers and sisters who are imprisoned. Art is nearing eighty years now. He is a busy man, tired man. His eyes are usually sparkling with radiance at the prospect of changing the system and its policies whose "soul" concern is protecting society. Art's policy is protecting the Indians! His nose is long and thin, he has a clean shaven face that accentuates the sensitivity of his mouth. But gentle, he is, although he has his own violent fits of anxiety and depression to cope with. By the early nineteen eighties, his stubbornly expressed complaints that Native prisoners could not become productive citizens unless they first had a positive self identity, had gained throught international pressure more modest but signficant improvements. Sacred artifacts such as Sweetgrass were permitted in cells and Sacred Pipe ceremonies were introduced and conducted in almost every federal prison. And finally, a national policy was implemented in the Commissioner's Directives of the Correctional Service of Canada, regulations that outlined services and religious rights of the Native offender. Today there is recognition that Native people in prison have distinct cultural need that must be addressed in order for a successful integration into society.

Art Solomon had labored and sacrificed in the struggle of Native people in prison. Sitting in a circle of mostly women, where we sang cultural songs, Art looked pleased and strengthened as our voices reach through the bars and concrete walls that surrounded us. Joyous tears streamed down my face as I saluted the courage and love that this old man had demonstrated to me and my Native sisters on the journey towards freedom.

OH GREAT SPIRIT

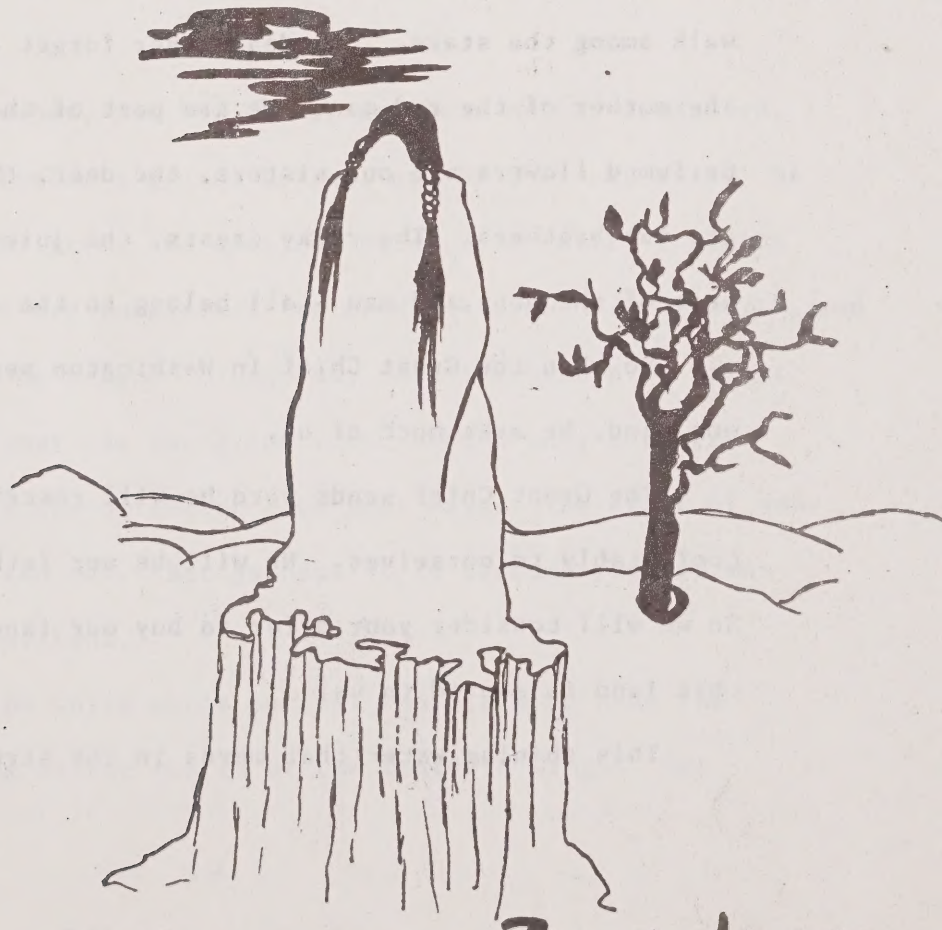
Please help me for i am weak
for my troubled spirit is caught between EARTH AND SPACE

i reach out with all my heart and come to you
My many Great Fathers
and i ask you to take away my troubled spirit
for i can no longer stand the pain

OH MY GREAT SPIRIT thank you for taking away my pain,
THANK YOU for giving me strength once again

for now
I must leave you my GREAT SPIRIT
I must carry on with the strength YOU gave me

THANK YOU **B.A**



Bando Accose

The Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land.

The Great Chief also sends us words of friendship and good will. This is kind of him, since we know he has little need of our friendship in return. But we will consider your offer. For we know that if we do not sell, the white man may come with guns and take our land.

How can you buy or sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us.

If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them?

Every part of the earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing, and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people. The sap which courses through the trees carries the memories of the red man.

The white man's dead forget the country of their birth when they go to walk among the stars. Our dead never forget this beautiful earth for it is the mother of the red man. We are part of the earth and it is part of us. The perfumed flowers are our sisters, the deer, the horse, the great eagle, these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the juices in the meadows, the body heat of the pony,and man - all belong to the same family.

So when the Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land, he asks much of us.

The Great Chief sends word he will reserve us a place so that we can live comfortably to ourselves. He will be our father and we will be his children. So we will consider your offer to buy our land. But it will not be easy. For this land is sacred to us.

This shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water,

but the blood of our ancestors. If we sell you our land, you must remember that it is sacred, and you must teach your children that it is sacred, and that each ghostly reflection in the clear water of the lakes tells of events and memories of the life of my people. The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father.

The rivers are our brother, they quench our thirst. The rivers carry our canoes, and feed our children. If we sell you our land, you must remember, and teach your children, that the rivers are our brothers and yours, and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness you would give any brother.

The red man has always retreated before the advancing white man, as the mist of the mountains runs before the morning sun. But the ashes of our fathers is sacred. Their graves are holy ground, and so these hills, their trees, this portion of the earth is consecrated to us. We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs.

The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered, he moves on. He leaves his father's graves behind, and he does not care. He kidnaps the earth from his children. He does not care. His father's graves and his children's birthright are forgotten. He treats his mother the earth, and his mother the sky, as things to be bought, plundered, sold like sheep or bright beads. His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert.

I do not know. Our ways are different from your ways. The sight of your cities pains the eye of the red man. But perhaps it is because the red man is a savage and does not understand.

There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the unfurling of leaves in spring or the rustle of the insect's wings. But

perhaps it is because I am a savage and do not understand. The clatter only seems to insult the ears. And what is there to life if a man cannot hear the lonely cry of the whippoorwill or the arguments of the frogs around a pond at night? I am a red man and do not understand. The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the surface of the pond, and the smell of the wind itself, cleansed by a midday rain, or scented with the pinon pine.

The air is precious to the red man, for all things share the same breath - the beast, the tree, the man, they all share the same breath. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying for many days, he is numb to the stench. But if we sell you our land, you must remember that the air is precious to us, that the air shares its spirit with all the life it supports. The wind that gave our grandfather his first breath also receives his last sigh. And the wind must also give our children the spirit of life. And if we sell you our land, you must keep it apart and sacred, as a place where even white man can go to taste the wind that is sweetened by the meadow's flowers.

So we will consider your offer to buy our land. If we decide to accept, I will make one condition. The white man must treat the beasts of this land as his brothers.

I am a savage and do not understand any other way. I have seen a thousand rotting buffalos on the prairie, left by the white man who shot them from a passing train. I am a savage and do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be more important than the buffalo we kill only to stay alive.

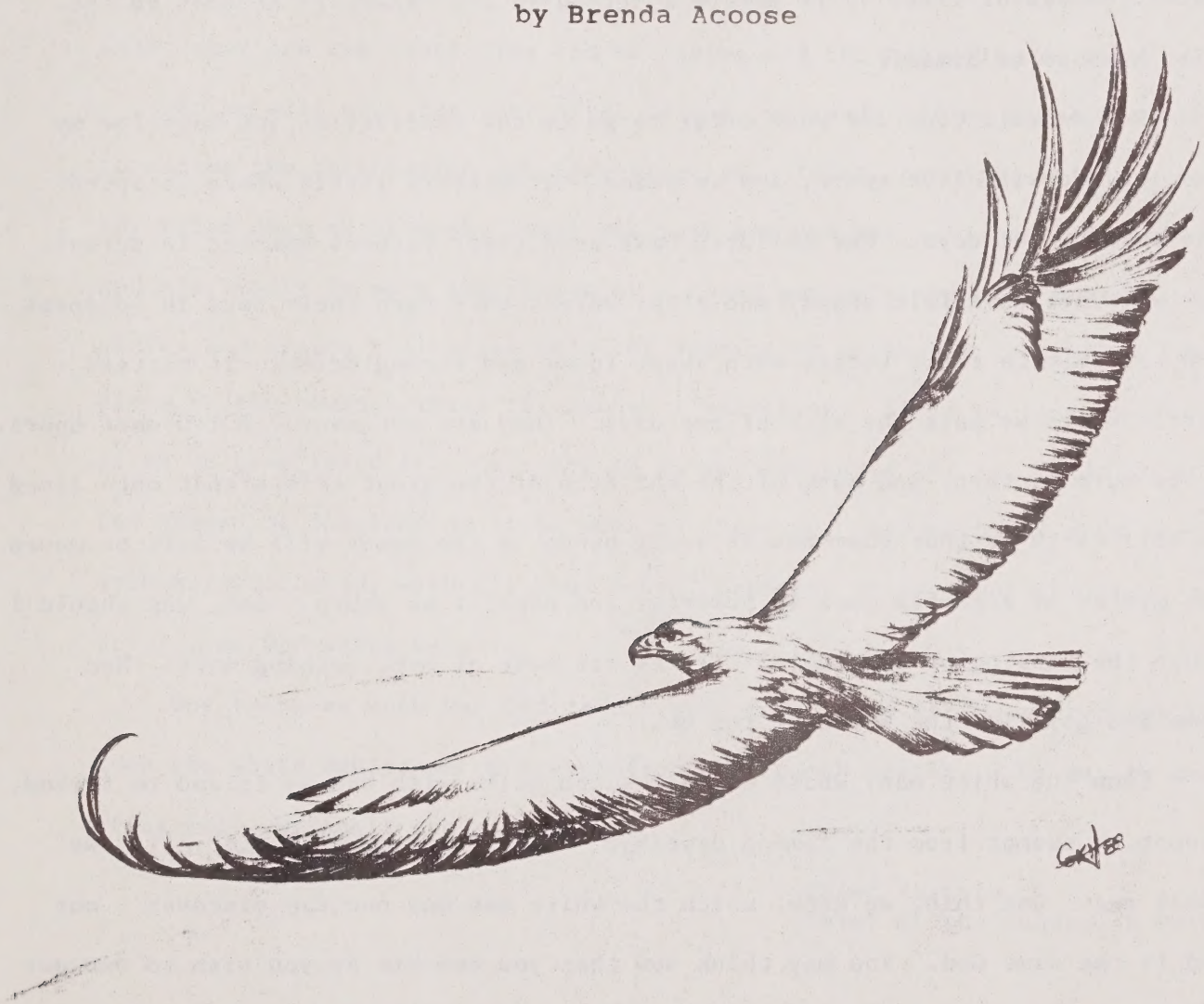
What is man without the beasts? If all the beasts were gone, men would die from a great loneliness of spirit. For whatever happens to the beasts, soon happens to man. All things are connected.

You must teach your children that the ground beneath their feet is the ashes of our grandfathers. So that they will respect the land, tell your

----------body soul shallow grave----------

Her body lies in a shallow
Her soul wanders where her body lays
the wind blows hard where her body lays
the rain falls hard where her body lays
the eagle dances crazy around her shallow grave
she was known to die in a shallow grave

by Brenda Acoose



that the earth is rich with the lives of our kin. Teach your children what we have taught our children, that the earth is our mother. Whatever befalls the earth, befall the sons of the earth. If men spit upon the ground, they spit upon themselves.

This we know. The earth does not belong to man, man belongs to the earth. This we know. All things are connected like the blood that unites one family. All things are connected.

Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. Man did not weave the web of life, he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

But we will consider your offer to go to the reservation you have for my people. We will live apart, and in peace. It matters little where we spend the rest of our days. Our children have seen their fathers humbled in defeat. Our warriors have felt shame, and after defeat they turn their days in idleness and contaminate their bodies with sweet foods and strong drink. It matters little where we pass the rest of our days. They are not many. A few more hours, a few more winters, and none of the children of the great tribes that once lived on this earth or that roam now in small bands in the woods will be left to mourn the graves of a people once as powerful and hopeful as yours. But why should I mourn the passing of my people? Tribes are made of men, nothing more. Men come and go, like the waves of the sea.

Even the white man, whose God walks and talks with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all; we shall see. One thing we know, which the white man may one day discover - our God is the same God. You may think now that you own Him as you wish to own our land, but you cannot. He is the God of man, and His compassion is equal for the red man and the white. This earth is precious to Him, and to harm the earth is

to heap contempt upon its Creator. The whites too shall pass, perhaps sooner than all other tribes. Continue to contaminate your bed, and you will one night suffocate in your own wastes.

But in your perishing you will shine brightly, fired by the strength of the God who brought you to this land and for some special purpose gave you dominion over this land and over the red man. That destiny is a mystery to us, for we do not understand when the buffalos are all slaughtered, the wild horses tamed, the secret corners of the forest heavy with the scent of many men, and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires. Where is the thicket? Gone. Where the eagle? Gone. And what is it to say goodbye to the swift pony and the hunt? The end of living and the beginning of survival.

So we will consider your offer to buy our land. If we agree, it will be to secure the reservation you have promised. There, perhaps, we may live out our brief days as we wish. When the last red man has vanished from this earth, and his memory is only the shadow of a cloud moving across the prairie, these shores and crests will still hold the spirits of my people. For they love this earth as the newborn loves its mother's heartbeat. So if we sell you our land, love it as we have loved it. Care for it as we have cared for it. Hold in your mind the memory of the land as it is when you take it. And with all your strength, with all your mind, with all your heart, preserve it for your children, and love it..... as God loves us all.

One thing we know Our God is the same God. This earth is precious to Him. Even the white man cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We shall see.

Chief Seattle
Chief of the Suquamish Tribe*

*This speech was delivered in 1854 to mark the transferral of ancestral Indian lands to the United States Government.

OLD MAN

There's an old indian man...who sits nearby the old wood stove
thinking about the old ways...
the old ways that are dying in our young people

the old man sits quietly thinking...about how he can save his people
his hands are soft and warm and clean...
as his heart is for his indian people

the old man closes his eyes and begins to see a great vision
a Great Vision of a young indian lady
with long black beautiful hair
who takes lead for her people and pride within
and leads them to where the
old man wishes them to be...further on in their lives

the old indian man opens his eyes very slowly
and his heart is pounding slowly
with joy and happiness...
because he knows the vision he saw was about
strength...the strength he was looking and hoping for...
that would be carried on to his people...
by the Great Vision he had seen

the old man sits by the old wood stove
and he calls for the great eagle and the great white buffalo
to carry on within his heart and for his indian people's lives
he calls and says, "Give them strength Great Eagle...
Give them strength Great Buffalo"
as he sits by the old wood stove
with a beautiful smile ... for his people.

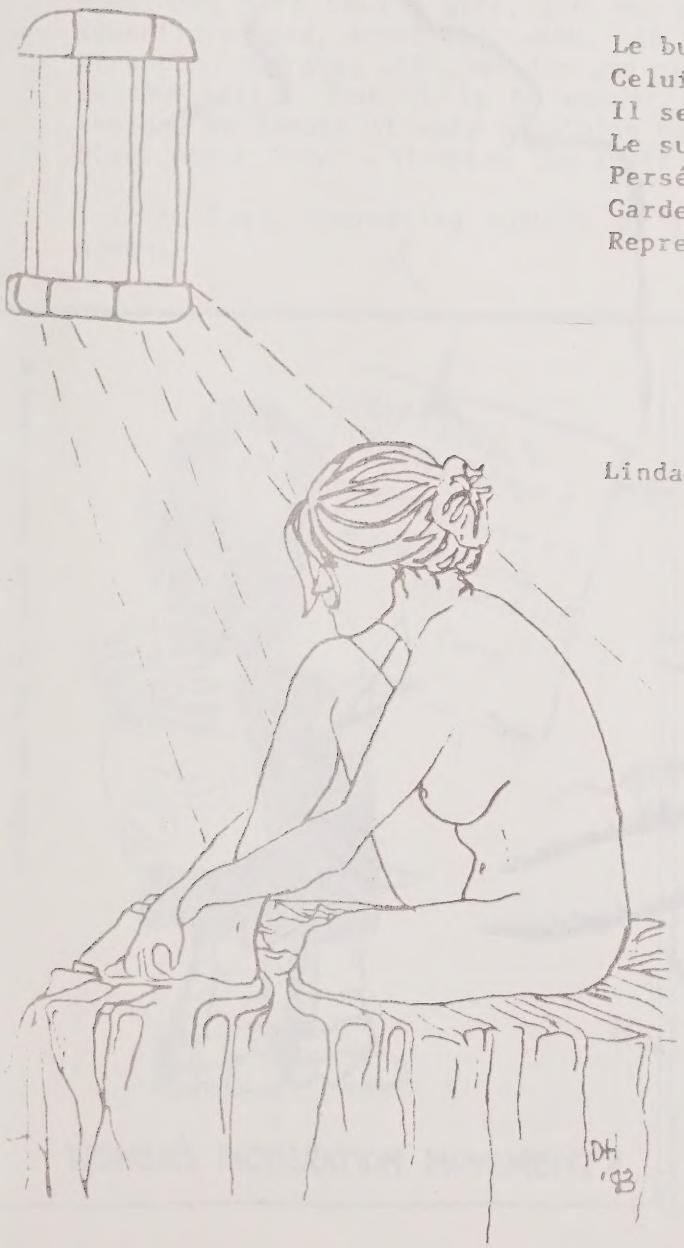
by Brenda Acoose

N'ABANDONNE PAS

Quand tout va mal, comme c'est parfois le cas
Quand ici semble dur et plein de tracas
Quand l'amour manque et que la haine persiste
Quand vous voulez sourire mais que les larmes perles
Quand demain semble loin et que le moral est bas
Reprend ton souffle, mais n'abandonne pas.

Ici n'est pas toujours facile si l'on veux réussir
C'est un combat qui dur un temps
Certains, baissent les bras fatigués de lutter
Quand en persévérant tu peux gagner
Garde toujours espoir et le succès viendra
Reprend ton souffle, mais n'abandonne pas.

Le but est souvent plus proche qu'on ne le croit
Celui qui apprend a être patient et qui garde le moral
Il se voit courronné de succès
Le succès ne dépend que de ta volonté
Persévère toujours, envin et contre tout
Garde la tête haute au plus dur du combat
Reprend ton souffle, mais n'abandonne jamais!



Linda Pimparé '88

MY SECRET LOVE

JUST YESTERDAY I PONDERED ABOUT YOU, MY LOVE

YOUR SMILE, YOUR LAUGH CAN ONLY BE AWHILE

IN MY HEART I CHERISH PRECIOUS MOMENTS,

WHEN WE ARE TOGETHER

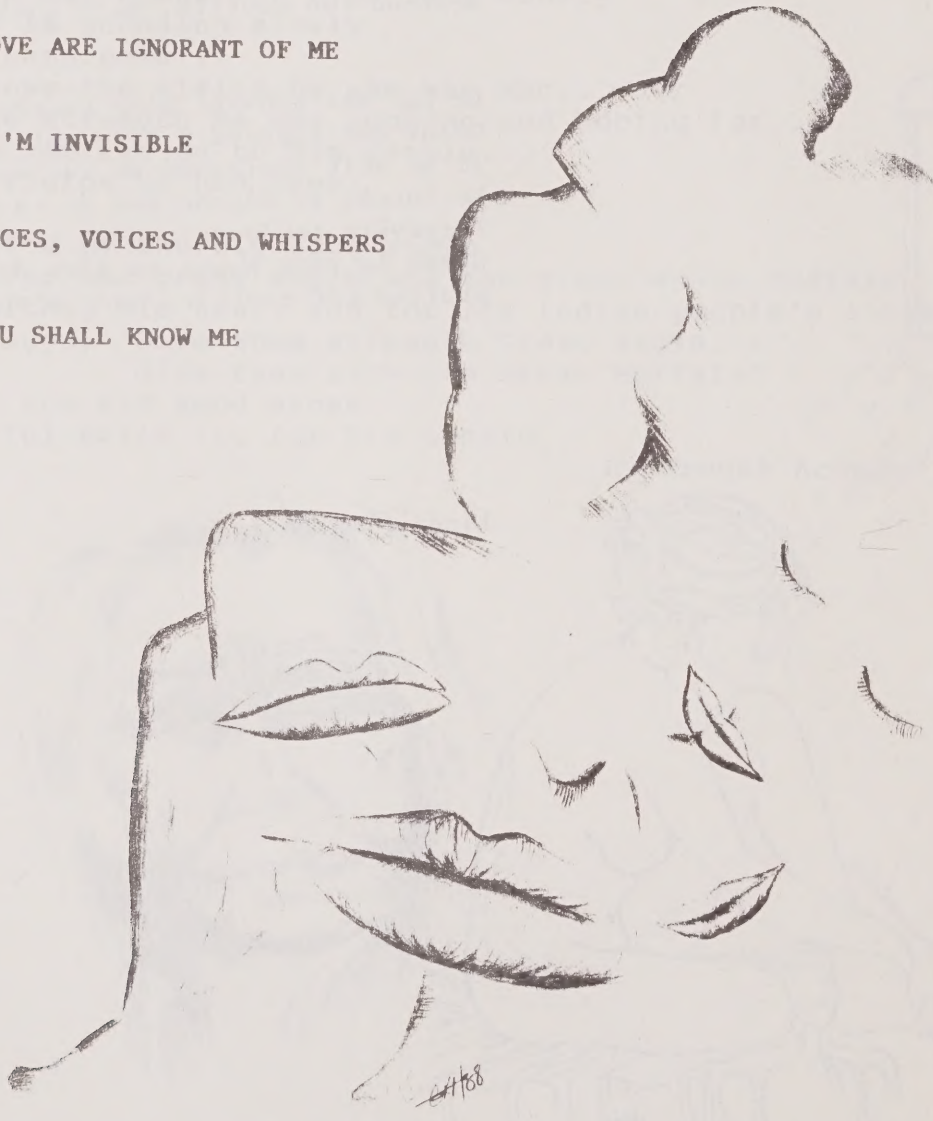
BUT YOU, MY LOVE ARE IGNORANT OF ME

IN YOUR LIFE I'M INVISIBLE

BELIEVE IN VOICES, VOICES AND WHISPERS

FOR ONE DAY YOU SHALL KNOW ME

MAY/88
doriana



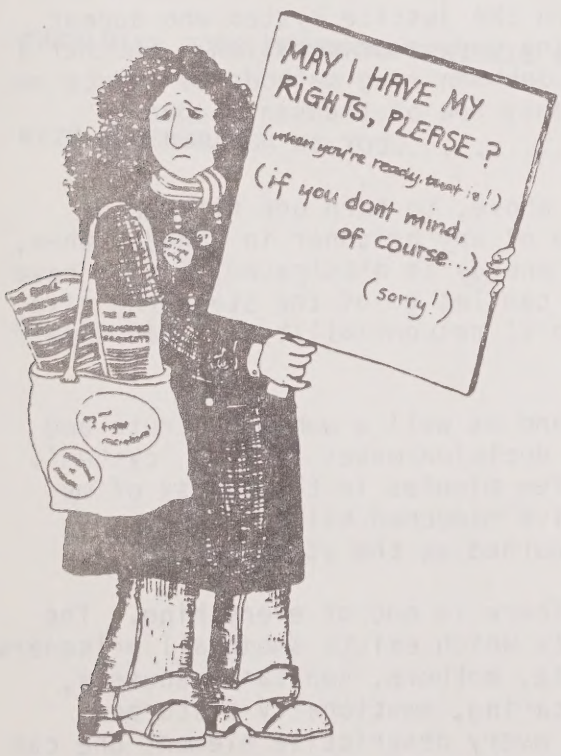
WORDS THAT MAKE WOMEN DISAPPEAR

What is sexiest language? It's language that excludes women or gives unequal treatment to women and men. It's language that tells a women she is two things. She is a man and she is not a man. If a woman is swept off a ship into the water, the cry is "Man overboard!" If she is killed by a hit-and-run driver, the charge is "manslaughter".

As the little girl in nursery school noticed, "man" is one of the most overworked nouns in the English language. It is used to mean a person, worker, member, agent, candidate, representative, voter, even astronaut. Consider the legislator. He is a man of the people. To prove that he's the best man for the job, he takes his case to the man in the street. He is champion of the working man. He speaks up for the little man. He remembers the forgotten man. And he believes in the principle "One man, one vote."

Wives. Ladies. Girls. A man's property. Someone fragile and polite. An innocent. Not only has a woman been defined as something less than a lady and something more than a girl; she has been called fickle and foolish, silly and superficial and, above all, weak. In our language the qualities of the adult - strength, courage, will, wisdom and self-reliance - have been given exclusively to the male. Thus it is no wonder that until recently the word "woman" was avoided as though it were something bad to be and that "girl" is like calling a Black man a "boy" - it makes the adult unimportant and immature.

At last, increasing numbers of females are taking pride in being called women.



Jo Nesbitt, WOMEN'S REPORT, May-June 1977 (England)

WOMEN'S MODERATION MOVEMENT?

FOR MEN ONLY? ? ?

"If you deliberately plan to be less than you are capable of becoming, then I warn you that you will be deeply unhappy for the rest of your life. You will be evading your own capacities, your own possibilities."

Abraham Maslow

"I was the first woman to burn my bra.. it took the fire dept. four days to put it out!"

Guess Who?

April 26, 1988

Professor Renate M. Mohr,
Department of Law,
Carleton University,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Dear Professor Mohr,

My first introduction to you was through your comments in the Minutes of Proceedings & Evidence of the Standing Committee on justice & Solicitor General, Tuesday Jan. 26, 1988. I have just finished reading your report prepared for C.A.E.F.S., Sentencing in Context; Revealing the Realities of Women in Conflict With The Law. Through these reports I have some hints as to some of your values and insights as a woman and as a professional in a field dominated by men and formulated by men, for me.

Had I been a younger woman when sentenced to life imprisonment, the ten years facing me before eligiblity to parole, may have been utilized towards pursuing law as a career. I have found the field of criminal law to be thoroughly engrossing in attempts at the discovery of its rationalizations and many layered bases and biases. If I had not been incarcerated, I would have had no need, nor interest in an education in criminal law. The reality of my existence has made this attempt at education mandatory for survival in the lawless 'cystem' of prisons and penitentiaries.

Fighting the battle to retain my identity as a person, as a woman and as an individual leads me to reach out to those few in the justice system who appear sane and independently capable of decision making and recommendation. Whether I lose and the 'cystem' wins with its degrading, dehumanizing methods to reduce me to a good prisoner is not important, for I am only one of thousands upon thousands.

If I am able to reach you or any of the few as above, to turn one flicker of illumination on to the reality of the existence of any prisoner in Canada, then, when my own sanity wanes, when my own creative energy is dissipated, I will have felt some basis for my struggle, and perhaps I can let go of the standard, give up on the principles of truth, integrity and moral responsibility. I can then become a good prisoner.

The diametrics of being a convicted murderess and as well a woman of truth and dignity is beyond comprehension for any of the decision makes in this 'cystem'. I remain judged for one act alone, for a mere few minutes in the course of my lifetime in which I became an enraged, compulsive maddened killer of my step-mother. Centuries ago I would have been burned at the stake.

At Prison for Women there are no majorities. There is one of everything. The only trait in common is a type of non-conformity which exists among all prisoners whether men or women. Many of us are illiterate, mothers, substance abusers, sisters, stupid, creative, unlucky, confused, caring, emotionally disturbed, immature, angry, sensitive, selfish and nearly every descriptive element one can ascribe to the women outside these wall, except, innocent. There are very few

I LOVE YOU

WITH POISE AND REFINEMENT, I FLOAT DOWN THE AISLES OF CONFINEMENT

EVERY TURN, A PAGE

LIGHTLY SIGHING AND SMILING

MY FEMINITY INTACT, STILL

OPENLY ACTIVE, SECRETLY PASSIVE

RETAIN I WILL, YOUR SMILE, MY LOVE

THE PEN GLIDES EASILY ON THE PAPER

DRY, BECAUSE MY EYES ARE PREGNANT WITH TEARS

LIKE DIAMONDS THEY WILL CUT THE EDGES OF TIME

THEY WILL POUR FORTH TO SPRINKLE ME

WITH REMEMBRANCE OF YOU.....

doriana'88

violent women here, yet many of us have committed violent crimes.

Herein is the first light I wish to turn on. The labelling of the violent offender encompasses all who have committed a violent crime. The National Parole Board has recently recommended, following legislation, stringent measures regarding the release of 'violent offenders'! I am now grouped in with the serial rapist, the extremely assaultive males who compulsively recommit violent offences. These are the violent offenders, not the thousands of others, including myself, who have been convicted of one violent offence.

This particular labelling governs my waking hours as well as my sleeping hours. I am counted, eye-balled, questioned and harassed at every turn. If this is not arbitrary punishment, I ask, what is? Before I was unfortunate enough to be incarcerated, I was a peace lover, a lover of nature and people. That I am becoming violent, I acknowledge, for it appears violent conduct is the only conduct that the prison authorities can deal with and forgive. Any manner of attempts at communication if involving rationalizations of the 'cystem' brings further labelling which would have me incarcerated in a special handling unit, had I been a man and without family support.

I had no idea, I was not to ask questions, I was not to expect answers, and definitely not expected to make suggestions regarding effectiveness. Unfortunately, my business experience and my values which were necessities for success in the outside world, have proven to be my downfall in prison. I am expected to forget I am a mature woman and accept being treated like a naughty child. I am expected to accept deceit and coercion, manipulation and ignorance as standards of the civilization and society I was taken from. I cannot do this, for surely truth must be the first standard of a civilized society.

I ask your forgiveness for the tone of this letter, very inappropriate, considering it is my first correspondence to you, but this has been a traumatic (in excess of the 'norm') period. The past two years incarcerated is taking its toll. A life sentence is a death sentence. The escalation of despair brings me closer to the desire for release. With each bout of depression, I am close and I welcome the inevitable.

The pain which seeps from the walls at Prison for Women is now a constant stream. The blood that has been shed in the past month alone could probably cover the floor of the entire building you now occupy.

I listen to Chopin, Mozart, and my very favorite Pachelbel, Le Canon, and the tears flow from bottomless wells. I feel no relief. I sense no hope. I see the newly convicted 'lifers' enter this prison. I look into their eyes, 26 year old eyes, not yet realizing they have forfeited the opportunity to be mothers...that at 51 years of age, after 25 years in prison, they will be dead women, unable to produce life, unable to recapture the joy of youth, gone forever to them, the joy of a walk along the beach, the ecstasy of loving and giving and sharing.

Alison MacPhail, coordinator of the Correctional Law Review, responded to my query regarding the Archambault Sentencing recommendation of maintaining the life sentence as a minimum penalty for murder by saying the difference of a mother

murdering her child, and the usually lighter accompanying penalty was to compensate for the fact that the mother is insane at the time of the killing. I, incredulously, asked her if she really believed people who kill are sane at the time of the killing. She confidently dichotomized killing, in her following affirmation. I asked her if she wanted to talk about killing and yes, of course, I shocked her. Yet, this is my reality, the label I carry and the reason I must suffer for the next many years and until the day I die. Nobody, however in the justice system wants to discuss the very reason why a person is sentenced to life. No one and only in the macabre sense that it is necessary information to convict.

Another light I wish to turn on. If my story will stop just one person in the future history of mankind from going over the edge as I did, then it will be at least one reason for existing through this most inhuman experience. I realize however, that, no, the justice system is not interested in lowering the homicide rate, only in the punishment of the crime. The justice system is not interested in the offender, only the offence, and only in meting out the 'just deserts' for that offence. There are more people 'doing' life sentences in Canada than ever before in history. With the increasing stresses in every day life, these numbers will no doubt increase insuring the continuity of the most barbaric form of punishment mankind has yet devised - a life sentence...slow death.

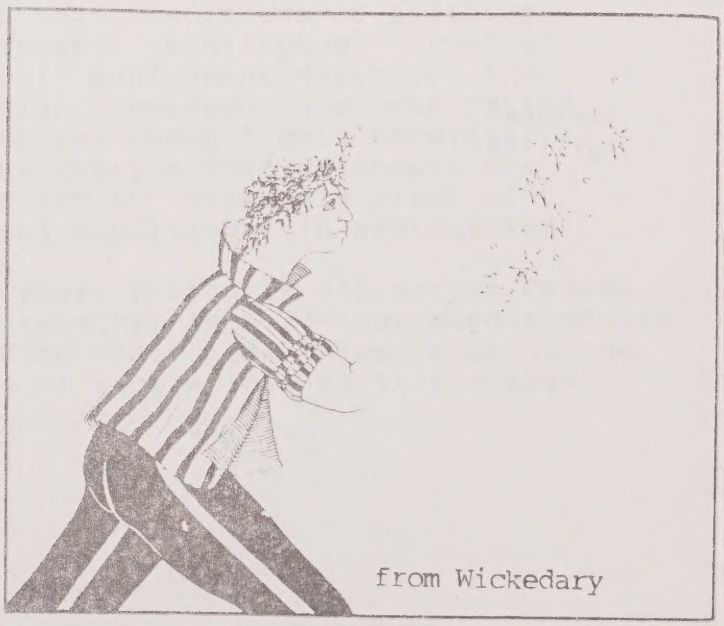
With Respect,

Gayle K. Horri, FPS 037871C
Prison for Women,
P.O. Box 515,
Kingston, Ontario,
K7L 4W7

Renate Mohr visited the Prison for Women to assist us in our presentation to the Daubney Commission last Fall. She has been a Senior Research Analyst for the Canadian Sentencing Commission and recently prepared a working brief for CAEFS entitled:

SENTENCING IN CONTEXT:

Revealing the Realities of Women in Conflict with the Law. (March, 1988)
A reading MUST!! for those who are interested in women/law*
available from: CAEFS
600-251 Bank Street,
Ottawa
K2P 1X3



from Wickedary

SPARKING: *Igniting the divine Spark in women. Explores Lives of Female Friendship, encouraging women to become Prometheans*

LET ME GO

My place is not in this world, please let me die
Let me feel the raindrops on the leaves of my grave
Let me join the universe in bloom
and let me be part of every living thing, for Iam
already dead.

Allow me this favor without feeling guilty.
I have no one here and nothing, I belong to the other
part of life, life eternal, my soul is caged in this
world.

Free me from human bondage and let me go.....

My wish is close at hand, I have found the answer
It is getting closer and I have decided
At last, my final hour will be sweet
My spirit will be re-born and new

Ugliness, hatred, and lust vanish beneath the cloak
of sleep.
It soothes me to everlasting freedom, now void,
yearning eternity, collapse into the arms of
oblivion
My spirit is free and my body is no more.

Doriana
April/88

Newsfronts

Vigils and crusades for prison justice

She's a lifelong crusader for prisoners' rights, and activist Claire Culhane will continue her fight Monday.

That's when Prison Justice Day—the anniversary of the death, in 1974, of inmate Eddie Nalon—will once again be observed. Nalon died while in solitary confinement at Millhaven Penitentiary, a maximum-security institution.

Culhane and others will join in a cavalcade to several Lower Mainland prisons, stopping at each for a half-hour vigil. During the noon hour Monday, they'll be at the Canadian Memorial Community Centre, 16th Avenue and Burrard Street, before heading to the provincial pre-trial centre at Main and Cordova streets.

This Saturday, Culhane and Haida elder Lavina Lightbone will speak and such bands as Rhythm Activism, the Scramblers and the EVictims will play during a "Rock Against Prisons" at Trout Lake. The free performance lasts from 1 to 6 p.m. at Victoria Drive and 19th Avenue.

"People are very misinformed," said Culhane, who's been with the Prisoners' Rights Group for 12 years. "Tell them to check on the number of prisoner suicides."

What does she say to those who think inmates have been mollycoddled? "Have you been listening to Pat Burns?"

The author of *Barred from Prison* and *Still Barred from Prison*, Culhane's titles still apply. Administrators have kept her out of all provincial prisons in B.C.—and all federal institutions except for Elbow Lake and Williams Head.

"I'm taking the B.C. Corrections Branch to court September 10 under sections of the Charter of Rights, including the right of association," she said.

Back from a visit to Drumheller, she describes the human aftereffect of a recent riot: "One of the prisoners had a bullet in his hip. A guard shot him.

"He's walking around with a bloody bullet it him."

Not afraid of RCMP surveillance ("I'm sure they've got a big file on me"), she sees "real quick action, right now" as necessary to prevent the need for more prisons. "Right now, they're building a $10 million facility for youth offenders in Prince George, but they've shut down four counselling centres in the Vancouver area."

Although she has been arrested for trespassing, Culhane has never spent time in jail. Why does she spend so much of her time defending prisoners?

"Any intelligent person who sees something wrong should do something about it."

Real women have lived and died
at this Prison for Women....
Arlene Cote
Agnes Thompson
Isabelle
Lynn Wabasso
Cathy Lamb

these women walked the same halls
and lived in the same cages we
now occupy...remember them...
sisters in Solidarity.....

AUGUST 10th

****

* AUGUST 10th, 1974-- Eddie Nalon slashed himself and bled to death in solitary confinement at Millhaven. Prisoners in adjoining cells were unable to arouse a guard because the panic button system had been dismantled. No one had told Eddie that his release from isolation had been ordered on July 31st, -- 10 days prior to his death.

* AUGUST 10th, 1975-- the Millhaven Prisoners refused to work in order to commemorate the death of Eddie Nalon, and, the destructive prison conditions that caused Eddie, and many others, to mutilate or kill themselves.

** Since the beginning of THIS YEAR at the Prison for Women, there have been 15 slashing incidents ** WHEN will the cries of these women be heard??

In 1975, the Supreme Court of Canada found that conditions of solitary confinement constituted "cruel & unusual" punishment(McCann)...the Canadian Government has been called before the Human Rights Committee to answer charges that prisoners are subjected to "extremely cruel and unusual conditions" in segregation.

Each year, prisoners all across Canada join together in a 24 hour hunger strike spending their time thinking about the lives of people lost in this cystem.

****

SOLIDARITY

NATIONAL PRISON JUSTICE DAY -- AUGUST 10th, 1988

As we come marching, marching in the beauty of the day
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill lofts gray
Are touched with all the radiance a sudden sun discloses
For the people hear us singing, "Bread and roses, bread and roses."

As we come marching, marching we hear unnumbered dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient cry for bread
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew
Yes, it's bread we fight for, but we fight for roses too.

As we come marching, marching, more women join in song
Its the Women Spirit rising, round the world its growing strong
How to keep the hope alive, our sisterhood now shows us
Women's power to share the bread and save the roses, Bread and roses.

As they come marching, marching, we hear our sisters' call.
From coast to coast we feel concern about these prisons walls
Concerned for human dignity, a question now they pose
Is Justice served by bars and cells, or roses, bread and roses?

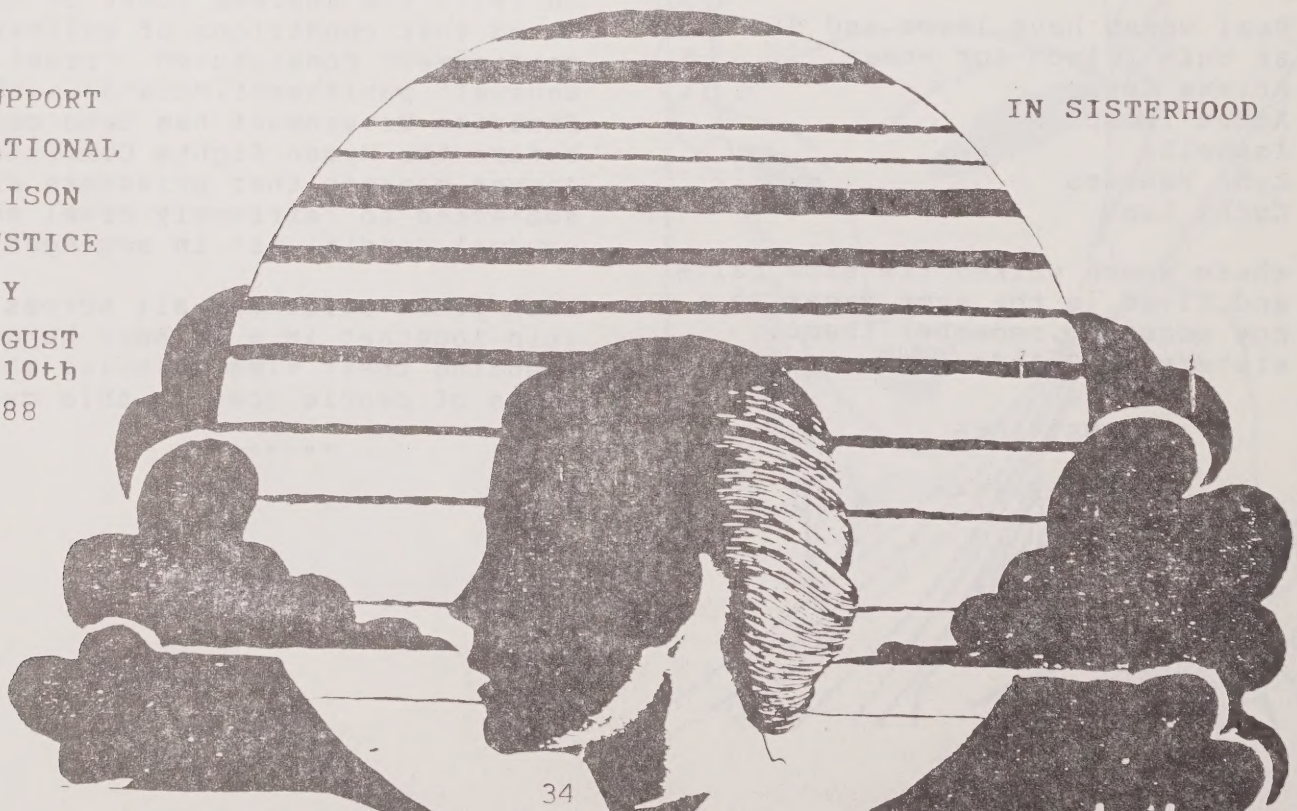
As we come marching, marching, towards the screams we hear
From the cells of segregation, from the black bowels of fear
The tombstones yet unmarked, the tears yet to flow
August 10th, no bread; not red: white roses, no bread, white roses.

* * * * *

Statistics from the Annual Report of the Solicitor General (1985-86), show that while the # of prisoners incarcerated from 1981 - 1986 increased by 23.7%, the # of assaults by prisoners against staff increased by only 12%, a cumulative decrease of 11.7% assaults. However, the # of incidents of assaults to prisoners increased by 50% versus the 159% in the uses of force by staff against prisoners in this same period.

SUPPORT
NATIONAL
PRISON
JUSTICE
DAY
AUGUST
10th
1988

IN SISTERHOOD



High I'm Barbe, I'm a con.

March, '88

Greetings to all the ladies (& guys) involved in Brentwood. First of all I'd like to Thank-you for your warm letters of support and encouragement. Although our group at the prison has only been happening a short time, I can honestly and proudly say "its going strong." I see and feel the difference in myself and for the first time I'm actually beginning to "Trust". Trust is a major issue for all people, and especially for adults, like myself abused as a child. I have difficulties trusting my own reactions, thoughts, feelings and perceptions. Therefore, making, finding and keeping a friend or lover has come to be almost impossible. The less I trust the more I think that there is something wrong with me and the more isolated I became. They say that trust is something we learn in childhood.

We are dependent upon our parents, and we trust that they will love us and keep us warm and safe. But when I was a child that trust was broken and it was never totally restored. When I first went to Brentwood I didn't trust one person in the room but rather I sat there and judged each one and came up with a few goofes and coupld of assholes and the rest were okay. Then it came my turn to share and all I basically said was "I find it hard to talk in groups because I have a problem trusting people." Dave excepted my reply and didn't push the issue any farther, which put me at ease.

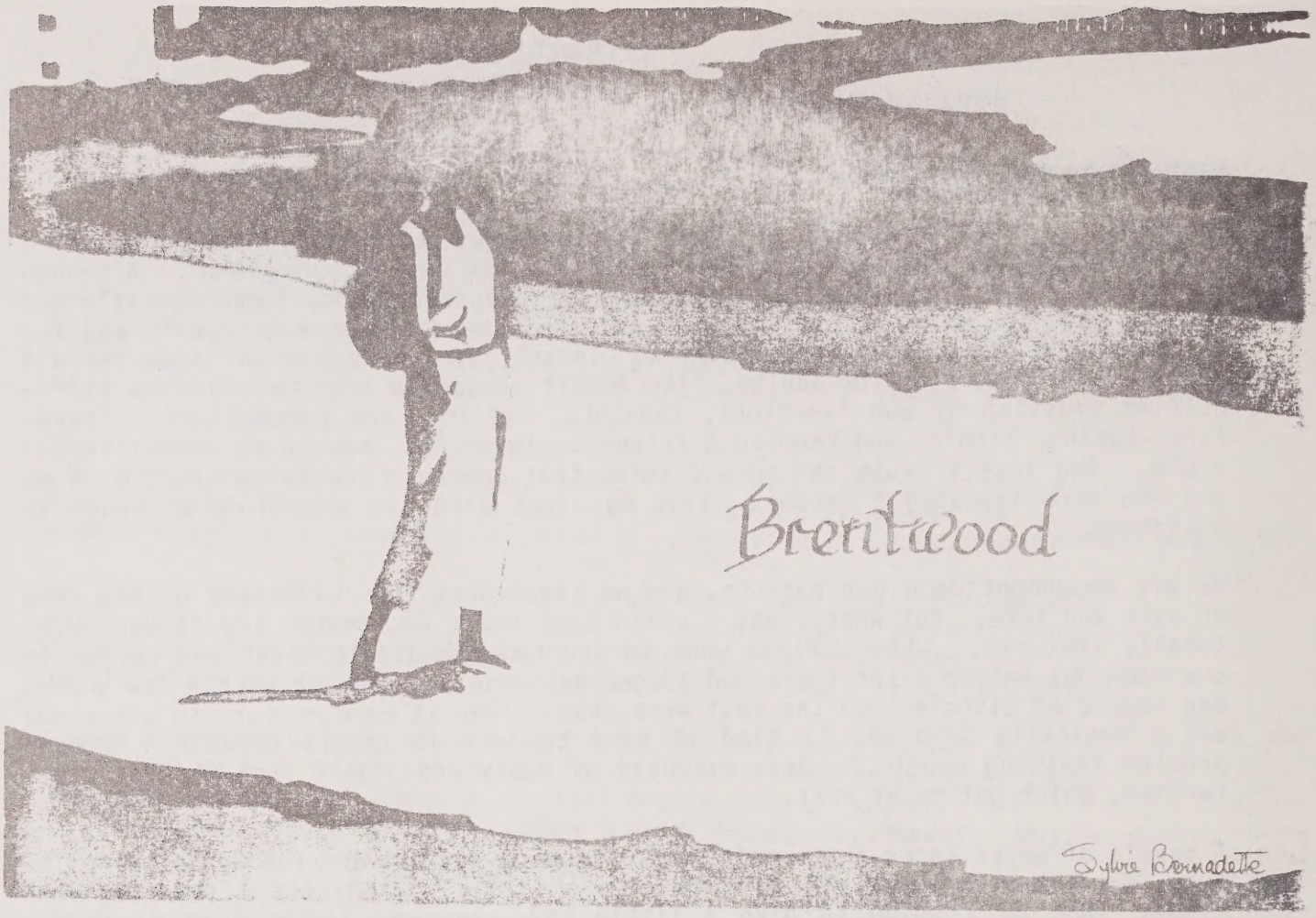
A couple of weeks later that word "Trust" came up again. And the words to follow were "In order to trust you have to give a little." At first I thought, yeah right! Who am I going to give a little to?...the way ladies love to gossip around here. No way! I'm not giving anyone anything to use as a weapon against me in a moment of anger. Well, the only one I fooled with that thought was myself. Because since than, I've given and shared feelings I had buried so deep, I had them pegged as never surfacing the gound I walk on, for fear of what people might think of me. I now found that I trust a little more and I no longer judge the ladies around me, but accept them for who they are, not for what I use to expect them to be. I also believe in that saying "you can't change the past, but you can learn from it." I find that dealing with the hurt and pain makes you feel a whole lot better inside and out. Today people are curious to why I'm smiling, and it's not because I just went and smoked a joint, but instead, it's because I'm feeling good about myself, and the more I get to know Barbe the more I like what I see. And my Thanks goes out to everyone here at Brentwood and to all of you at your end for your inspiration and hope for us ladies here. Your letters, I know, are appreciated, so stay in touch. I'll close this for now. Keep Faith in us.

p.s. "With the help of Brentwood" hopefully when someone asks about my I.D. I won't have to show that plastic card with the worst picture I've ever taken and a big number on it to identify me, but rather tell them just who Barbe is.

"Keep Writing"

With
Great
Respect,

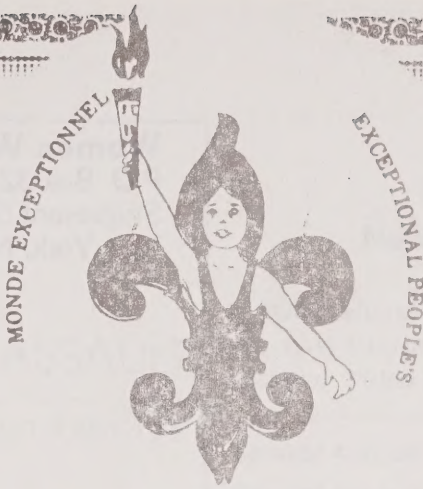
Barbe Morton



The Brentwood Program started at the Prison for Women earlier this winter. Barb's letter is in response to the support being given to newcomers by the "alumni" of this Recovery program which has its origins in Windsor Ontario.

A hard core fact about any chemical addiction is that they all, finally, enslave the user to whom they first offered those false promises of HIGH living. The chemicals are GREAT DECEIVERS -- baffling, cunning and powerful ---they ISOLATE the user. One ingredient all recovery programs stress is the need to break through the walls of isolation that years of using have built. Basically that's what A.A., Women in Sobriety and Brentwood are all about... regaining strength to believe in ourselves by forming bonds of trust and support. The Brentwood family is growing and welcomes new comers interested in the goal of a CHEM-FREE!! life!!

* * * * *



OLYMPIAD

COLLINS BAY

CHAIRMANS' MESSAGE 1988 EXCEPTIONAL PEOPLES' OLYMPIAD

Plans and preparations for the 12th annual Exceptional Peoples' Olympiad are well under way. July 23rd & 24th, 1988 will see approximately 120 athletes under the domain of Collins Bay for a fun-filled weekend of games and athletic competition.

As the competition amongst many and varied worthwhile organizations for charity dollars increases, it becomes imperative for us all to seek innovated ways to make the best use of those resources we have. The Olympiad Committee has strived to both update and explore new avenues to meet our goals. We rely on the goodwill of others, and are thankful that this exceptional event can exist.

This is my third Olympiad in which I have had the privilege of holding a number of positions within the Olympiad Organization and, as such, have had the pleasure of working with a large number of our athletes. In so doing, I have come to understand and appreciate their ability to feel & show compassion and potential for caring that we all posses.

The inspiration of the various Executive Committees and men who've populated C.B.I. throughout the past 11 years sets an example of dedication difficult to follow. And yet... there is an underlying and unifying theme that links us all: one of identification with and a desire to assist, in whatever manner, the one segment of society incarcerated solely on the basis of ability - or rather, lack of it.

Make our cause your cause! See you at the Olympiad.

"I saw the unwanted in society (because of what they've done) reaching out to the unwanted in society (because of what they are).
(Insert from the Knox Presbyterian Newsletter. Aug. 14th, 1983.)

Your's in the Spirit.
Ken Logan
Chairman E.P.O.

Women With Disabilities United
P.O. Box 323
Stuyvesant Station
New York, N.Y. 10009

DISABLED WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL (DWI)

In 1985, a group of women with disabilities, mothers of disabled children and other interested women met at the UN Decade of Women Conference in Nairobi, Kenya and founded DWI. One purpose was to network, internationally, by publishing a Newsletter. For the past two years, the Danish women have published and circulated two issues to members, and now the task has been passed on to women in the U.S.A. Women With Disabilities United (WWDU) and Disabled In Action of Metropolitan New York (DIA) have agreed to assume this responsibility for the next two years.

There are currently about 300 members internationally and we would like to increase our numbers. Members are entitled to receive the Newsletter as well as contribute articles, express feelings, and exchange information in the publication.

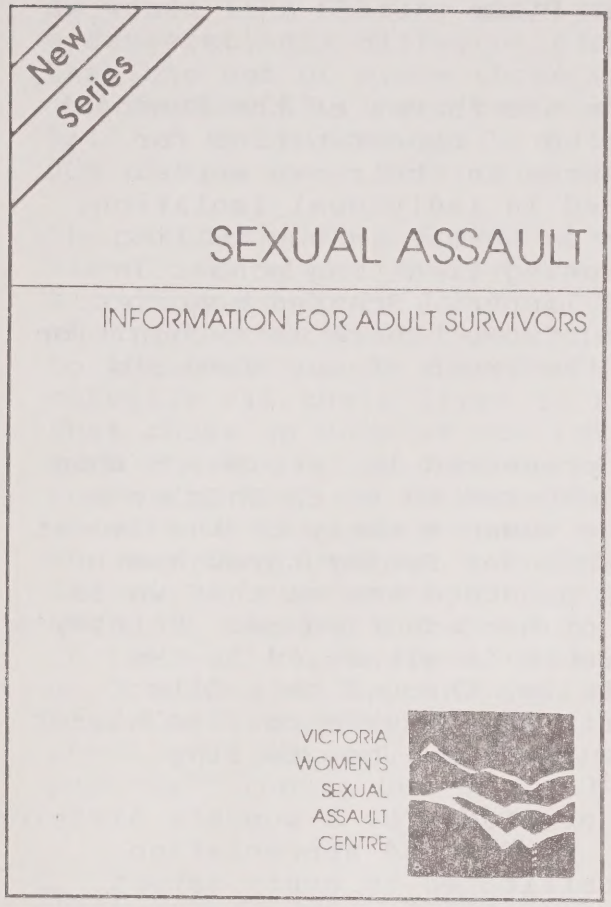
Submissions are requested to be in English, and the Editors reserve the right to edit or not accept pieces. Any relevant article such as original fiction, non-fiction, letters, pieces about the political struggle for equality and/or independence are welcome. Articles must be submitted by the end of April.

Please indicate if you are sight disabled and require a taped version of the newsletter.

Contributions are needed to defray costs. Membership is $10 to $25 (U.S. dollars or postal order) or whatever you can afford. Dues, payable to DIA-DWI, and/or submissions of written material may be sent to:

DIA-Women With Disabilities United
P.O. Box 323 - Stuyvesant Station
New York, NY 10009 U.S.A.

* For members in the U.S.A., contributions are tax deductible.



Sexual Assault: New Information Series

4 publications in a new series are now offered by the Victoria Women's Sexual Assault Centre. Titles include:

Sexual Assault: Information for Adult Survivors
Sexual Assault: Information for Families
Sexual Assault: Information for Partners and Friends; and
Child Sexual Abuse: Information for Parents

These innovative and unique booklets are packed with information specific to each target group. Areas of discussion include:

- misconceptions about sexual assault and child sexual abuse,
- common reactions of the survivor and their supporters, and
- how survivors can get the help they need–including medical, legal, and emotional support concerns.

Written in a way that is non-threatening and easy to understand, each booklet is useful for anyone who has experienced sexual assault or wishes to support someone who has. Professional and non-professional helpers alike will find these booklets a valuable resource to enhance the service they already provide.

If you are concerned about sexual assault and the emotional realities survivors and supporters must face, this is your opportunity to provide them with information that could help ease the pain of a traumatic experience.

Individual copies are available at $1.00 each plus postage and handling. Please see our bulk discount rates below should you wish to order multiple copies.

1-12 copies	$1.00
13-24 copies	$0.90
25-48 copies	$0.80
49+copies	$0.70

To order: ✍ **Victoria Women's Sexual Assault Centre,**
1045 Linden Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V8V 4H3

or ☎ (604) 383-5545.

To a Safer Place

One of many strengths growing from the forces of the Feminist movement is the creation and opening of opportunities for women to tell of personal experiences in their own words. Words that have been hidden, locked in individual isolation, are now being shared. Each woman is unique in her telling. Yet the stories are bell-like, evoking lingering echoes in the souls of sisters who pause to listen. Scarred memories are stirred and buried feelings surface. There is recognition of a shared anguish that affirms the truth of our sister's words.

Such an opportunity to share was presented in late March when a group of women in this prison gathered to watch Shirley's story, **To a Safer Place.** It is one woman's story of the incest and battering that took place within her family throughout her childhood. These experiences produced trauma that would haunt her and darkly shadow many of her adult years. Shirley's triumph over the hurt of these events is witnessed in the power of this documentary. Hopefully, through this film, she has been released from the grip of a nightmare-like horror and taken control of her own life in this...her telling.

To a Safer Place is a production of Studio D, a women's division of Canada's National Film Board. Credit and appreciation must be given to the women who contributed to every aspect of this film and it's production. It has brought the personal story of one woman clearly into focus, freeing women across the country to gather and share the pain of too many similar experiences. A conspiracy is being broken.

His-storically, women have been bound by a code of silence. The pain, shame and anger we felt at incestuous violations were walled within us, denied - pushed down - distorting our perception of the outer world and our selves. To speak out as a young victim of molesting brought a high risk of incurring further injury through angry denial that such an thing had ever happened or to be blamed for inciting the action. Although still a child, a female could be further damaged by a public statement as she would now be seen as damaged or soiled property by others, men and women as well, gravely compounding the original victimization.

In part, this social view of incest has been formed and hidden by women's continued acceptance of allowing men to define women's experiences. At the beginning of this century, Freud theorized that his female patients were "fantasizing" incestuous experiences, rather than crediting them with remembering true events. His theory heavily influenced modern psychology's labels of female behavior. Our terrible true experiences have been called hysteria or neurosis.

As women like Shirley gain strength to tell their own stories a devastatingly different picture emerges. It is estimated that one out of every three women will be assaulted before she reaches 18. (American stats) Incest will account for half of these assaults. At the Prison for Women, at least 80% of the women incarcerated have been victims of such situations.

The violation to a female's sense of self-hood caused by such assault is almost beyond the range of our common language. According to Sonia Johnson, "Incest, the most profound betrayal of trust possible between human beings, is so devastating to the heart, such a murder of the spirit, that many women struggle all their lives to recover from it...Incest means that those on whom we are totally dependent, those who have complete authority over us and from whom we have no recourse, whose approval we desperately fear to lose, those whom society assures us care most about our happiness and welfare, those **who say they love us** - destroy the inner core of our lives, our wills, our sense of dignity and justice, our feeling that there is meaning and decency in human relationships and safety in the world. We have not been warned that Daddy is our enemy, or Grandpa, or Uncle Steve, or brother Harvey. We have been lied to about the meaning - for females - of family. How do women ever unsnarl the confusion of such betrayal in their psyches?" (Going Out of Our Minds: The Metaphysics of Liberation)

There are no quick answers or easy solutions to the injuries caused by incest and other violent sexual assaults. I believe women can mend and their spirits made whole once again. Scars will remain forever but like the curls and twists of beautifully grained wood, the strength of their triumph over such pain will become part of the richness of full womanhood.

THANK YOU
FOR
THE PRESENTATION OF--

TO A SAFER PLACE

JERRIE ROGERS, PAT HACKER & JULIE DARKE

and to ALL
who participated in this sharing!!!

****

J. Mayhew

One of the subtly unfolding pleasures I am discovering is a profound delight and appreciation for women's writing. A new wave of female writers is ascending, believing in themselves, unfurling powerful talent. For me, the hallmark of these writers is the sensitivity with which words are chosen. I am reminded of women selecting pieces of perfect fruit from crowded bins. Each chosen with an inner view of color, texture and higher purpose of a waiting lover. The choice must stimulate the appetite of the mind. It will bite with invigorating sharpness, the tang of new ideas or it may be smoothly mellow, the sweetness of fond romance, tender moments. Possibly, it may blend both to stir memories of the past into visions of tomorrow. These words of women are my sustaining food for to-day.

Jo-Ann Mayhew

The Changing Family

Catherine O'Neil

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is releasing two special issues on
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$25 institutional or supporting subscription

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P.O. Box 4857, Station E, Ottawa, Ontario
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SHY CHILD

But maybe shy is short for "shining,"
or maybe it means:
"seeing without being seen,
like a green bird in a green tree,"
for you sat down then
to draw another picture,
a scene in which people spoke
in comic strip balloons.
The people said, "Thank you, May I
have some?"
They said, "Fine thanks," and "How
are you?"
And you drew a small person
down in the corner of the picture,
a small person grinning and sticking
her tongue out.
We taped it to the refrigerator.

Barbara Drake
"What We Say To Strangers"

ODE TO A JERK

"Come on in, I'm your C.O.
I'll tell you what I want you to know
----- ------- is my name
And you will learn to play my game
We will get along good
And you might one day get a pass
As soon as you learn
How to kiss my ass
We will do things my way
Or no way at all
You will attend all the groups
We will all have a ball
Confess all your sins
And tell me the truth
For you will soon find
I'm a super sleuth

If you have a problem
Then come and see me.
You get the benefit of my intelligence,
And it's all for free.
Your husband is dead?
You want to see him buried?
Can you prove to me
You were really married?
Your lover is gone?
Your best friend is dead?
You have to prove to me
That you really cared!
You loved your husband
Is that what you say?
I don't believe you
I know that your gay.

You can't love a man
And a woman too.
A smart man like me
knows that this is true.
For I've taken courses
And I've been to school
Doesn't that show you
That I'm nobody's fool?
So you are asking me now
For compassionate leave
To attend the funeral
to allow you to grieve
But what is your crime?
Ah, murder of course
Its obvious by your attitude
You show no remorse.

You haven't slashed
Or hung yourself,
You have not feelings
They're up on a shelf.
You don't smash up your room,
I haven't seen you cry,
You don't run around saying
That you want to die.
You haven't told me
Any of your story
So it is obvious to me
That you are not really sorry.
You have failed to do
Any of the above
How can you sit there
And tell me you love?

"But please feel free to correct me. I really do hate to be always right."

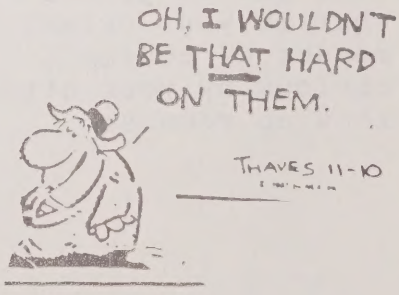
You are a violent woman
And homicidal
And in my opinion
Your suicidal

What remorse has to do
With the funeral, I don't know
But I can't recommend it.
No! you can't go.
What's this? a note
Passed under my door
I'd better read it now
I'm off at four.
Can you believe this!
How can it be?
Someone here
Thinks unhighly of me

You know I believe
I'm a Christian at heart
God, I'm so pure
I don't even fart.
It hurts me to read this
It cuts me to the quick.
To read that someone thinks
I'm mentally anorexic.
The note said that,
and it also said this
That I am a hypocritical
Son of a bitch!
After psychoanalyzing all the
Hate and hostility
For I am intelligent
And have the ability
I figured the note
Was from someone quite sick
For how could anyone think
That I was a prick
I went home that night
And searched my soul real deep
You know what I discovered?
I really am a creep.
I should quit my job
Get something more fitting
Like picking up after dogs
When their finished shitting.
Well that's it, its over
I'm finished my tale
I better go get
My scooper and pail.

My job at the prison
Nearly did me in
With all those evil people
And all that sin.
For awhile there I thought
I was Freud and Jung
And B.F. Skinner
All rolled into one.
Now I realize
That just wasn't true
All I am good for
Is picking up POO!
Now someone is dead
Its plain to see
It shouldn't have been Ronny
It should have been me!!

Brenda
Blondell



"I Don't Want To Feel"

You ask me why I talk this way
I can only shrug, I cannot answer
My mind is in confusion
My heart bound with thread-like string
Love, I have discovered, leads to suffering.
Maybe, I deserve to suffer this way
After all, I cannot be selfish in my love!
Do not look at me the way a mother scolds a child
For punishment is never the answer
In a surrounding of love, hate and games
I want to stand alone!
Then I am free of all hurt, love, hate and games
and maybe one day I'll understand
the way I feel and be able to share
For now, accept me for the person I am and the bizarre speeches I make
When I cannot fully comprehend my own thoughts
I try so hard to say the right things
and make the right decisions
All to no avail!!!

I ask for no pity, nor do I ask for sympathy
Just a chance to be understood and accepted
My pen understands my need for comprehension
But even it rejects me at times and I find myself retreating
Into a world of my own where there are no questions
no lies, no hurting, no pain, no heartache .....
Ahhh...what peace there would be in being a spirit!
Who will miss me if I decide to meet my spirit
and love peace of mind Forever !!!
Maybe then I will be free of unanswered questions.
Or will I ???????

By Toni '88

CHAPLAINCY SCHEDULE

PRISON FOR WOMEN

EFFECTIVE: JUNE-SEPT. '88

STAFF:

Protestant Chaplain--Rev. John Downs
Catholic Chaplain--Father Tom Brady
Jewish Chaplain--Rabbi J. Solzbach

SERVICES:

Sunday	2:00	Salvation Army (first monthly)
	6:30	Native Prayer Time
	8:00	Protestant Services (Rev. Downs)
		Communion (fourth monthly)
	8:00	"New Life" Film Ministries (first mo)
Monday	11:15	Bible Study & Lunch (Rev. Downs)
Tuesday	4:15	Supper (Rev. Downs)
	5:00	Chapel Group
Wednesday	11:15	Bible Study & Lunch
Thursday	12:00	R. C. Mass (Father Brady)

OTHER: RELIGIOUS VISITS AS SCHEDULED

CONTACT Rev. Downs for:

Arrangements regarding additional religious visits.

Additional Bible Study Courses by correspondence

Religious Reading Materials

* * * * * * *

revised: June 1, 1988

"IT IS IMPOSSIBLE THAT ANYTHING SHOULD BE PRODUCED, IF THERE WERE NOTHING EXISTING BEFORE."... Aristotle

Each of us contains all human possibilities within ourselves. Nothing that we do comes from nowhere; we all have the capacity for great goodness as well as great selfishness and blindness. The choice, at every moment, is ours. What will we use out of our formidable repertoire of responses?

from the Hazelden Meditation Series
The Promise of a New Day

* * * * * * * * * * * *

F R O M S H A F F I N A

I am always searching...for a dream I never had
I am always searching ...for a love I once felt
I am always searching...for happiness in someone
I am always searching for the feeling inside of me...

but I can't explain

I am always searching for laughter
but each time there are tears.

Maybe someday I will find that dream...feeling
love, happiness with the laughter and tears
that I am always searching for.

* * * * * * * * *

Some dreams, like beautiful stars above us,
are brighter tomorrows...
The lovely feelings, the happy times.

But some dreams can be sad and lonely.
Each time I see you in my dreams,
I want to reach out and touch you
but I cannot...you are too far away.
In my heart you are so close
I can reach out and touch you in my heart.

It hurts so much
waking up from that sad dream to see your picture there
seeing that smile on your face
I know you are my beautiful,
beautiful, dream,
My darling, adorable daughter, Ann Natasha Ali.

April 26, 1988

THOUGHTS

As I watch the sun going down...

...And the night fall;

To see the birds flying...

...And hear their beautiful sound.

As I sit in my window;

I wonder where you are...

What you might be doing...

I am holding on to my dream and thought

Until I see you again.

My body longs for your touch;

My heart for your kisses...

As my eyes search for you.

I'm feeling like...

A lost penny in the desert.

Wondering if...

You will come again.

Shaffina Mohamed.

Well high there, I recently heard that there are a few people around here that enjoy solving CROSS WORD PUZZLES. I was asked to make one up for our paper and thought that it might be a little more fun to do if there was a little added incentive. So, how about a half a case of pop, winners choice of course.All you have to do is solve the puzzle, figure out the FOUR WORD ANAGRAM, write your answer on a piece of paper and get it up to TIGHTWIRE before JULY 15,this year of course!! The winner will be drawn on JULY 16, and you can collect the prize right away. We tried REALLY hard to get a three day pass as the prize, but you can guess how that went over!!! RIGHT By the way, this contest is only open to those doin time here,as we can't send things to other joints. Sorry guy's, and those on the street.Also, no entry's from staff will be accepted. But I hope everyone will still try to solve this puzzle as the anagram holds a message that is important to ALL of us, inside or out!!!!Anyway, enough of this. GOOD LUCK TO ALL, and NO, bribes will not be accepted.

Here is your word list;

UGLY SCREWS DIGGER HACK BULLS LOCKDOWN UNFAIR

COURT JAIL FRISK RANGE LIFER BITCH MURDER

ROBBERY INSANE BURGLERY THEFT ARSON TRIAL SENTENCE

BREW CONTRABAND UNLAWFUL HOSTAGE GOONSQUAD PIGS

COPPERS BULLSHIT TEARGAS BOOSTING ESCAPE PASS

CARTHEFT SHRINK NOISE

D N A B A R T N O C A B O O S T I N G E L
I B B U X L R B T F R I S K C A H O E C R
G I U L A N O S R A S H R I N K O I S N D
G T R L Q U I L N M U R D E R N S S C E M
E C G S I P I G S R L P B K S P T E A T T
R H L Q N F E L B O O L B Q G O A F P N F
B T A S S S E G N B C L U N M C G D E E E
R R R S A P T R C B K A L J S W E R C S H
T U Y A N O Z K M E D Y L T B H T B L O T
C O P P E R S A L R O L S N A F E R S D R
O C Y C B W W A I Y W G H R E B B E I Q A
S V O C Z N R I A F N U I A X T R W S A C
L U F W A L N U J O L C T E A R G A S J L

by
Brenda
Blondell

ANSWER TO THE ANAGRAM

_ _ _ _

.... now we get to R E A L MEN

REAL MEN consider themselves well dressed if their socks match.

REAL MEN buy their spouses a set of matched screwdrivers for their birthdays.

REAL MEN wear beards and moustaches for "efficiency." It is not because they are lazy.

REAL MEN have a non-sports vocabulary of 800 words.

REAL MEN think "biting wit" is their fox terrier.

REAL MEN know who scored the winning touch-down in the Army/Navy game of 1954 - but not their own shirt size.

REAL MEN repair their own cameras, telephones, televisions and watches - then get their wives to get it done - right!

REAL MEN give you the feeling you're having a conversation with a dial tone or busy signal.

REAL MEN wear badges so they don't forget who they are. Sometimes a note is attached saying, "Don't offer me a ride to-day, I drove my own car."

REAL MENS' politics run towards acquiring a parking space with their name on it and an office with a window.

REAL MEN know the "ABC's of Romantic Love" from A to B.

REAL MEN rotate their tires for laughs.

REAL MEN will make four sets of drawings (with seven revisions) before helping their kids build a back-yard tree house.

REAL MENS' briefcases contain a rodolex, 1 Ribbed Ramses, an unread GQ magazine and a bottle of Listerine.

REAL MEN do not find the above at all funny!!

Tightwire is published four times per year.

While every attempt is made to publish facts with accuracy, the nature of the prison system does not encourage free disclosure. All views and opinions expressed in TIGHTWIRE are those of the authors and artists. These are not necessarily endorsed by the administration.

With POSTAGE on the rise and other costs associated with printing as well, we will be looking at raising our prices to cover these costs.

Please renew NOW while we can still offer this publication at these prices.

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OUR WHOLEHEARTED

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